# McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLIII. | SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JAN. 4, 1906. | NO. 1


## NEW COUNTY OFFICERS ARE INSTALLED.

### Changes are Few In and About the Court House.

### NEW SHERIFF AND SUPT. OF POOR.

**John C. Brenneman Appointed Superintendent of County Home—Officers Take Oaths on Monday.**

On Monday the newly elected and re-elected county officials were sworn into their respective offices to which they were chosen at the last general election.

Recorder Homer M. Choate administered the oath of office to Prothonotary Samuel E. Bell, who in turn, gave the oath to the other officials, who are as follows: George W. Mitchell, sheriff; William H. Morrison, clerk of the courts; Guy B. Mayo, district attorney; Homer M. Choate, recorder; John B. Eastman, register; George Griffiths, John A. Peterson and John P. Devlin, county commissioners; Oscar Engstrom, Charles W. Freeman and Wilbur I. Oviatt, county auditors.

Immediately after taking their oaths of office the new board of county commissioners went into session for the purpose of making their appointments. A. B. Walker was the choice for commissioners' clerk; Hon. Thomas E. Richmond received the appointment for solicitor to the county commissioners, and Silas G. Bush was appointed janitor of the court house.

When a ballot was taken for choosing a superintendent of the county home, it showed that each commissioner had a different choice and a selection was not made until late in the afternoon when John C. Brenneman of Hazelhurst was chosen to fill the vacancy made by the resignation of Jonathan Colegrove, who has efficiently filled the position for the past three years. There was another deadlock on the appointment of county physician. Over 100 ballots were taken before a choice was made, and it was nearly noon yesterday when Dr. W. A. Ostrander was unanimously chosen to succeed himself. On Saturday last the old board of commissioners appointed James Anglun of Bradford mercantile appraiser.

William H. Morrison, deputy sheriff, and Michal Welch, turnkey, under Sheriff Geo. W. Mitchell, entered upon their duties on Monday. Mr. Welch and family have moved into the living apartments in the jail building and will attend to the needs of the prisoners.

Herman E. Tull has been appointed Prothonotary Bell's deputy.

To the newly installed officers, elected and appointed, we extend congratulations and as all are able and worthy citizens we trust they will serve in their respective places with credit to themselves and the county.

The retiring officers can well feel proud of their records, for they have performed their duties faithfully and honestly. Charles E. Mayo, who retired as sheriff has moved onto his farm in Wetmore township. William P. Walsh has accepted a position as station agent at McKean. William D. Clark, who has served 21 years in the sheriff's office as sheriff and deputy, will reside with us for a time at least. John P. McElvin, the retiring district attorney will resume his law business in Bradford.

**Kellar-Heilman Nuptials.**

A very pretty home wedding was celebrated at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Heilman on Saturday, Dec. 30th the contracting parties being Miss Leonora Heilman, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Heilman, and Mr. Harry Kellar of Smethport, the officiating clergyman being the Rev. W. A. Harris of the M. E. church. After the ceremony refreshments were served in time for the bridal couple to take the four o'clock train for Buffalo on their wedding trip. The bride and groom were attended by Mr. D. L. Swindell of New York City and Miss Grace Heilman, sister of the bride. The friends present were: Mrs. Fred Green of Bolivar, N. Y.; Mrs. Blanche McAhon of Olean, N. Y.; Miss Jennie McAhon of East Smethport, Mr John Riley of Bridgeton, N. J., Mrs. George Kellar, Mrs. Charles Ames, Mrs. Richard Burley and the Misses Edna and Adella Heilman of Smethport.

Upon their return the bride and groom will take up their residence at the home of the bride's parents.

**Cutters and Sleighs for Sale.**

I have a full carload of Michigan sleighs of different sizes for lumbering purposes, and a nice line of cutters and sleighs. All are new and of the latest designs. Prices are reasonable.

E. T. DALY,
Smethport, Pa.

Call and examine my stock of horse blankets, robes, etc The prices are low and stock the best. O. LEMMLER.

"Cork Carpet" for your office or den; or for your kitchen, ask at Lindholm's.

**Armena Brewer Burdick.**

This highly esteemed and eminently Christian lady was a resident of Norwich township, her home being about three miles south of what is now the village of Colegrove, where she was born, reared, married, lived and died. To her was granted an experience known only to a favored few—that of passing an entire life in the old home—the familiar scenes of childhood to church and stimulate the years of maturity, then continuing to comfort and brighten declining years, even into the Valley of Shadow. God's severing touch, finding her yet in the old home, surrounded by her husband, children and grandchildren, her soul obeyed the supreme summons: "It is enough; enter thou into the joys of thy Lord." Like a weary child, after long hours of enjoyment, she lay down to sleep in Jesus, quietly, peacefully, in child-like trust and perfect confidence, Dec. 25, 1905.

Armena Brewer was the youngest daughter of Nathaniel and Phoebe Brewer, pioneer residents of this vicinity who came here from Connecticut in 1814. The original house was built by her father and here the aged parents bade farewell to earth. Armena Brewer was born Nov. 27, 1823. Twelve years later she was led to realize her soul's need of the fellowship of the Divine and yielded complete surrender to Christ, the Lord, becoming one of God's most sincere, consecrated and devout children, and her life ever bore the evidence of the Divine in its aura of love, unostentatious existence—a life that blessed all who came within its charmed circle. The secret of this sainted mother's life was the indwelling Christ.

At the age of twenty years she met one like her, possessed a strong hope in the God of his salvation; the mutuality of these lives ripened in friendship, developed into quickening love, and on Nov. 8, 1843, Armena Brewer became the honored wife of Ira Burdick, with whom, and in perfect love and confidence she lived 62 years, one month and nine days. Five sons were born to bless and honor this union, of whom the eldest preceded the mother to the eternal home. In the order of their ages the children are: Wilson R., deceased; Chester A. of Smethport, Byron F. of Syracuse, N. Y., Frank A., residing about three miles south of Smethport, and Emmett F. of Pittsburg.

Always strong and vigorous in mind and body the eighty-two years of life had its final effect in an apoplectic stroke with fatal effect. Deceased leaves an aged husband, whose declining years will be tenderly cared for by loving children and grandchildren. Mr. and Mrs. Burdick were devout Christian Baptists, were constituent members of the organization which became known as the First Baptist church of Smethport, and were always held in highest veneration and esteem. The sincere sympathy of earnest friends and acquaintances go out to this aged father, to the beloved sons and their families and all other sorrowing ones.

The funeral was held from the family home, Rev. W. A. Day of the Baptist church officiating, the services were simple and impressive, and interment was made in the Colegrove cemetery.

**Walter Cassidy Burned to Death.**

Walter Cassidy, night watchman, was burned to death Saturday night while engaged in his duties at the plant of the American Alkali and Acid Co. at South Bradford.

His horribly burned body was found Sunday morning when Edward Nelson came to relieve Cassidy as watchman. The victim was troubled with hernia and it is supposed that he was taken with a severe pain as he was climbing a ladder and fell fainting backward onto his lantern which burst and set fire to his clothing, and while unconscious was fatally burned. As the blaze consumed his clothing and roasted his flesh he probably rallied from the temporary unconsciousness resulting from the fall and rushing in agony to another apartment fell across some carboys and there expired.

Mr. Cassidy was 70 years old and is survived by a wife and one son. He was a veteran of the Civil War and had been in the employ of the Emery companies for the last 25 years. He formerly lived at Big Shanty.

**Danced and Dined.**

C. S. King and wife, of the Surwell House, gave a dancing party for their daughter, Elizabeth, Christmas night to about fifty young people. The house was very handsomely decorated with holly and Christmas bells. The dance was held in the dining room, a very elaborate supper was served about midnight. The out of town guests were: Misses Ruth Forrest, Ida Rubin, Roxy King and Gertrude Walker, Messrs. G. B. Mayo, G. W. Mayo, H. L. Rubin, J. L. Morrison, Chas. E. McCoy, H. B. King, B. T. Garlick and Ed. Walker of Smethport, R. K. McConeghy of Condersport, and S. F. Redfield of New York City.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

**Was Not O'Toole.**

New Year's morning Constable E. W. Jones received a telephone message from the Brooklyn side saying that Tommy O'Toole, who is wanted at New Castle, Pa., for the murder of Lemoy Barker on Dec. 13, was prowling around some of the houses in that neighborhood and to come at once.

As the New Castle authorities have offered a reward of $500 for the capture of O'Toole, "Billy" was not long getting in to the race. O'Toole has the reputation of being a dangerous man, but "Billy" is made of different material from the New Castle authorities so he did not wait to disarm the whole town, but donned his bi-cycle and gum shoes and was ready for any emergency in the twinkling of an eye and soon was on the fresh trail.

When "Billy" gets on the track of an offender he never leaves it until he has run the criminal to the earth (and this is no merry jest) and in a few minutes he surprised the alleged O'Toole just as he was extending greetings of the season to the kitchen maid at the residence of Burgess Chas. McKean. But the alleged O'Toole was not as much surprised or disappointed as "Billy," for instead of being the Five Hundred Dollar Beauty, he was a full jeweled Knight of the Dusty Road, with all trade marks and Union labels necessary to the profession.

"Billy" was so chagrined that he left the Knight without question to continue his New Year call unmolested.

**Nervy Oil Well Shooter.**

Independence, Kas., Dec. 30.—Shooter John Larkin took his life in his hands for a few hours last Friday and toyed with it in the face of the Grim Reaper in a most tantalizing manner. He has resolved since contemplating his act never to do it again.

Larkin is a well-known shooter, generally regarded as a careful and competent man. Last week the Matson Oil company sent for a shooter to come out from Bartlesville to shoot a well on Osage lot 62. The shooter heard the roar of escaping gas long before he reached the lease, and he was dumbstruck when he was told that was the well it was desired to have shot.

The shooter shook his head. "Not I," he declared, as he drove away. Then Larkin was sent for, and when he was told the well the company wished shot, he got "mad." But after reflection he replied: "Well, I didn't drive out here for nothing. I'll just show you that well can be shot."

He secured two twenty quart shells and attached a heavy weight or anchor and attempted to insert them in the hole. The pressure of gas was so great that he was compelled to summon help. The shell was finally forced into the casing and securely fastened to the casing head.

At that time the well was flowing at the rate of 108 barrels a day and it was only a few minutes until the shooter looked as if someone had ducked him into a tank of oil. The gas was hurling sand and pebbles out of the hole and these cut Larkin's hands until they bled. It was cold, besides, but he kept at his task. With the empty shell fastened in the hole, oil flying over everything, sand cutting his flesh, gas roaring so it was impossible to hear a shout, and the weather bitter cold, the nervy little shooter began pouring the high explosive into the shell. Twenty, thirty, thirty-five quarts and the gas still held the shell up. Thirty-six quarts, and the shell began to sink. Forty quarts and the line was taut. A little more was added and the shot lowered into the hole.

It had reached a depth of several hundred feet when it stopped. Then it was drawn out and a pipe plugged with sand was attached to it and again it was lowered, this time to the bottom. As soon as the line was released, the gas hurled the 1,600 feet of line out of the hole like so much tissue paper. It struck the crown pulley block and yet worked itself through the derrick. Finally the well was shot and Larkin lives to tell the tale, but he will never do it again. This is possibly the most dangerous feat a man could perform. Had the well suddenly blown the glycerine out of the hole there would not have been enough found to hold a post mortem. The flow of the well was increased from 108 to nearly 400 barrels a day.

**Advertised Letters.**

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Dec. 30, 1905:

Miss Celota Bennett, Wm. T. Crawford M. D., Mrs. Delos Dickeson, Fred Oelkrue.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

**For Sale.**

The Smethport Steam Laundry is for sale. Good reasons for selling. Enquire of T. H. Purtle, Smethport, Pa.

Did you ever have "Foot-ease?" Then try Queen Quality Shoes at Lindholm's.

Clark's line of carriage heaters at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

**ANCIENT HISTORY**

**Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.**

Alfred Sturdivient of this place was married on Tuesday evening, May 10, 1881, to Miss Lilly Harris of Randolph, N. Y. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. C. Whiteside at the residence of S. Ames in Bradford.

There is no one in the county more worthy of sincere congratulation, and we in common with his numerous friends take this opportunity of doing so. May they live long and happily. The Era in speaking of the occasion says:

Quite a large number of friends and relatives gathered at the residence of Mr. Samuel Ames, Hilton avenue, Tuesday evening to witness the marriage of Mr. Alfred Sturdivient of Smethport, Pa., and Miss Lillie Harris of Randolph, N. Y. The ceremony took place at 8 o'clock and was performed by Rev. J. C. Whiteside of Said, N. Y., assisted by Rev. R. M. Jackson, pastor of the A. M. E. church, this city. A number of beautiful and costly articles, both serviceable and ornamental, were presented to the newly married couple.

Died.—At the Rockwell House, in Smethport, Friday evening May 6, 1881, of Bright's disease, N. A. Ostrander, aged 48 years.

Mr. Ostrander was well and favorably known throughout the oil region, having been constable in Bradford for a number of years. Sunday his remains were taken to the cemetery, about 8 miles this side of Port Allegany. Nearly one hundred people in vehicles started in the procession from the Rockwell House, and kept increasing all along the road. Rev. W. B. Wagoner conducted the funeral services and preached to a large congregation, every available place in the school house being occupied and many standing outside. Four members of the Grand Army of the Republic also attended and participated in the ceremonies at the grave.

Saturday morning (March 12, 1881) the Bradford Weekly Star will be issued for the first time from the office of the Bradford Evening Star. The new weekly is issued to fill a long felt want among the residents of the Northern oil field for a paper of the world's weekly news, the current events and topics of the oil country and McKean county, a weekly review of the petroleum trade and oil field operations, and all news and topics of local and general interest. The Weekly Star like the Evening Star, will be a live journal of oil news, agriculture, anti discrimination; a fair Republican newspaper, tolerant of all faiths, but stalwart in its own. The subscription is $1.50 per year in advance. We wish the stranger success.

Bush-Erekson—At the residence of Mrs. A. S. Scott, March 14, 1881, by Rev. W. C. Wiltsie, Mr. George Bush of Smethport, Pa., to Miss Augusta Erekson of Oil City, Pa.

Miss Emma L. Backus, so long and favorably known to the citizens of this community, died at the residence of Mrs. M. B. Milliken, Tuesday, March, 15, 1881. Miss Backus came to this place when but a little girl ten years old and from that time to the time of her death remained an inmate of Mrs. Milliken's family. It is safe to say that the death of no member of our community will be more sincerely mourned than hers, not because of social gayety, wealth, or other accident of fortune, but because she had developed uncommon strength of character and therefore the high seal of human worth. Least of all to her were the allurements of pleasure, least of all to her the gaudy fineries of life. Though moulded into action, hearts moulded to the true, these were the signs of progress and the measure of the soul. Her mind was strong enough to separate the true from the delusive and warm enough to cherish the noble and the pure. In her creed there was one word which summed up all there was of human glory and that one word was duty. True to this high principle she worshipped at its altar and with an unseen devotion at last gave to it her life.

Naturally self reliant, she early acquired the habit of independent thinking, and if slow to accept opinions founded only on general authority when convinced of their correctness she adhered to them with a firmness which was almost immovable. Her affections were strong and lasting but seldom offered to public exhibition. An affection to her was something sacred and not to be dishonored by handying commonness, but with her trusted friends she was ever open, tender and warm hearted.

All in all her character was moulded of noble elements and if human worth can be transplanted to immortal skies her mind and affections will there gather a diviner lustre, and her character glow a full orbed radiance brighter and more lovely than the crescent of it here.

Hammond—In Annin, March 22, 1881, Amanda M. Hammond, daughter of Daniel and Phoebe Buckley, in the 28th year of her age.

Holmes & Gilfillan's robes may interest you.

**Regarding Road Supervisors.**

A law passed by the Legislature of 1905, and approved by the Governor April 12, 1905, provides for a new system of electing road supervisors. From this law and an opinion concerning the same handed down by the Deputy Attorney General, the following provisions are gathered:

(1.) Beginning with the February election, 1906, every township of the second class in the State must elect three Supervisors. There are no townships, except from this requirement, nor is the adoption of the law optional with a township. In any township which now has three Supervisors, or other officers having charge of roads, elected under existing laws, no new election under Section 1 of said act shall be required, except as the terms of said road officers expire.

(2.) The Board of Supervisors of each township is required to organize on the first Monday of March. One of their number is chosen chairman and another secretary. The treasurer must not be a member of the board.

(3.) The board is required to meet at least once a month. Two constitute a quorum.

(4.) The Supervisors receive no compensation for their services, but actual expenses are to be paid. The Treasurer receives compensation not to exceed two per centum of the money handled by him. The Deputy Attorney General holds that the Secretary may receive payment for the work performed by him as secretary.

(5.) The Board has authority to levy a tax rate not greater than ten mills; the levying of an additional ten mills being authorized by an order from the Court of Quarter Sessions. In addition to the regular levy, the Board must assess one dollar upon every taxable person.

(6.) Upon a petition from at least 25 taxpayers, the Court of Quarter Sessions shall authorize a special election to be held at the time of the February election, when the question of abolishing the work tax shall be decided by a majority vote of the electors. A township which thus abolishes the work tax is entitled to receive from the State a sum in cash equal to fifteen per centum of the actual amount of cash tax collected by the township. This election may be held at the time of the February municipal election of 1906, or at any succeeding February election.

(7.) Each Board is required to divide its township into districts of not less than five miles each, but there is nothing to prohibit the dividing of the township into districts having more than five miles each, or one district of the whole township. A Roadmaster must be employed for each district. Roadmasters are required to work upon the roads themselves, to oversee men employed and to carry into effect the instructions of the Board of Supervisors. No member of the Board of Supervisors can be employed as Roadmaster under Section 8, but a member of the Board of Supervisors can work out his road tax.

(8.) The Board may, if it deems advisable, make a contract with any citizen or the township for keeping in repair of not more than three miles of road.

(9.) On all road taxes paid before June 1st an abatement of five per centum is made. The full amount is required to be paid on all taxes paid between June 1st and November 1st. After November 1st five per centum in penalty is added, and the tax list turned over to the township collector, who receives the added five per centum in payment for his services.

(10.) The Board is authorized to purchase any material, tools or machinery necessary for making and repairing roads. A township can join with one of more adjoining townships, or boroughs, in joint ownership of machinery.

(11.) Full records must be kept by the Board of their proceedings and audited by the township auditors, and an annual report is required to be made to the State Highway Commissioner on or before March 15th in each year. The necessary blank form for this report is furnished by the State Highway Department.

In his written opinion the Deputy Attorney General says: "It does not seem possible that the voters of any township will see fit to ignore the plain and mandatory terms of the act and refuse to elect supervisors in the manner provided by its terms. If this should occur, and the attention of the proper authorities were called to the situation, legal steps will be promptly taken to compel compliance with the Act."

He also says: "I am of the opinion and advise you that the Act of April 12, 1905, repeals all local or special laws applying to any second class township in this Commonwealth." (152 P. S. 244.)

In addition to the foregoing, the law contains numerous detailed provisions concerning the duty of the Supervisors, for which see the Act of Assembly.

**Despite the fact that the Deputy Attorney General claims that Supervisors are not entitled to compensation for their work as such it is the opinion of some of our attorneys that they are entitled, according to law, to $1.50 per day for actual time spent in the performance of their duties. The new Act does not mention compensation and therefore does not repeal the Act of 1880 which fixes the compensation of Supervisors at $1.50 per day. However the question will probably have to be decided in the courts before Supervisors will receive compensation.**

**"What Happened to Jones."**

Can you picture to yourself an old, honest, trusted professor, a leader in his circle for all that is good, attending a prize fight; imagine him jumping out of a window, sliding down a waterspout, blackening his eye in his fall to the ground and the subsequent happenings when all is finally discovered? He is a professor in anatomy and only goes to witness what he terms "this brutal affair" in the interests of science. Of course his family and friends would not credit such a story, he therefore endeavors to conceal the fact that he was there. This is the keynote of the play; immediately upon his return home, all torn and faltering, a drummer, Jones, who also attended the fracas, climbs into his house to seek refuge. The professor takes him for a detective. Jones, taking advantage of the professor's dilemma and in order to protect himself from arrest, decides to remain in the professor's home until things blow over. Jones' clothes are ripped. In order to escape detection he puts on a clerical suit which has just arrived from the tailor for the professor's brother, a bishop who is momentarily expected from Australia on a visit.

The family arriving on the scene take Jones for the brother, embrace him and the "ball starts rolling." Can you imagine a situation which would afford a more genuine opportunity for funny situations and laughter? The real bishop arrives on the scene and is taken for an escaped patient from the nearby sanitarium and again a continuous series of laughter.

There are too many to enumerate separately, one follows the other so closely from start to finish.

The cast, which is headed by Richard Milton, the celebrated comedian who is so strongly identified in the part of Jones, is the most competent ever put into this masterpiece of farce comedy. Mr. Gage Bennett plays the old professor. Edith Gallagher will be seen in the part of "Cissy," the ward of the old professor who is the only one who discovers the deception of Jones. Besides such artists will be seen as Edward Fawcett, DeWitt C. Mott, Harry Dorton, W. J. Kane, Juliette Atkinson, Marie Raws'on, Emma Gallagher, Bertha Livingston, Edith M. Cooke and Eva Marley.

At the Smethport Lyceum, Monday, Jan. 8.

**Olean Man Visits Russia.**

Captain Cobb of Olean, who went to Russia in the interest of the Olean heirs of the late Julius Fleischman, of San Francisco, is home. Captain Cobb reached the Russian border on November 14, and was compelled to ride 100 miles to his destination in a diligence, a sort of a hack, owing to the strike on the railroads. The worst of the trouble had not begun when he reached Riga, although there was considerable shooting in the streets and much incendiary speech making on the street corners. He was in Riga two weeks, and the day he left all the shop doors and windows were barricaded by orders of the Nihilists. While he was at Riga 200 girls were driven naked through the streets of Shawli, a small place nearby, and were afterwards killed. On the sixth and seventh days of December, while the testimony of Captain Cobb's matter was being taken, the streets were filled with riotous mobs and the hearing of the testimony was had in a hotel room with revolvers lying on the desks.—Bradford Star.

**Is He from Bradford?**

One of the principals of the Isle of Spice company encountered a fool and his money lately and she is now in Pittsburg with him. The man is said to be from Bradford, but it is thought this is not a true bill. Whoever the young man is he is being worked for as only a certain type of stage beauty can do it. The girl jumped the show here and she and her easy thing went on yesterday to Pittsburg. The young man distributed a part of his money among the girls of the company and some of them got what they could, as $15 per and pay your own board does not leave them with a lot at the end of a month and young men like this particular one are always regarded as legitimate prey. Two or three names of Bradford men have been suggested, but in each case they have proved to be incorrect.—Bradford Star. Later reports tend to show that the above is an advertising fake.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

Holmes & Gilfillan's are headquarters for Winslow skates.

Maish Comforts of luminated cotton. Lindholm's.

# Beauty's Christmas Tree

By WILLIS EMERY

Copyright, 1903, by Charles N. Lurie.

THE northern half of the attic had been transformed into a studio under Varick's personal supervision, and it suited the young artist admirably. There was light, there was space enough for all his things and for "distance" when he was at work, and there was seclusion such as every person engaged in an artistic pursuit should have, for his own sake and for the peace of mind of those who love him.

When the heavy door was closed Varick could swear in French, German or English without fear that his two old maid sisters would hear him, and on good days, when Satan had departed out of crayons and brushes and a beneficent spirit had come to animate them, the door could be opened so that the "girls" might hear their brother sing as he toiled.

It was not a good day, and the door was shut. Some one knocked. Varick, who was putting up a curtain made of two sheets across a corner of the studio, pounded his thumb with a hammer as he turned to say "Come in." He was sitting on the top of a stepladder nursing his thumb when the door swung open.

Immediately Varick assumed the pose of one who listens, and with raised finger he checked his sister, who would have spoken. She also listened, smiling.

"That's what I came to tell you," said she at last. "Florence is here."

"I'm glad she's feeling better," responded Varick.

"Better?"

"Oh, she hasn't been ill that I know of; just blue."

"How do you know that?"

"Because she hasn't been over," he replied. "When Florence isn't getting on with her work she stays away. She won't burden me with her discouragements."

He laughed grimly at the notion that the burden could be taken from him in such a manner.

"I think she paints very well. I"—

"No, she doesn't," responded Varick, with decision, "but if she fights like a soldier and works like brimstone blazes"—

"She's only a girl."

"A girl with a future," he exclaimed. "But she will have to win her way to it with sword and fire. However, I haven't time to talk to her about it today. I have troubles of my own."

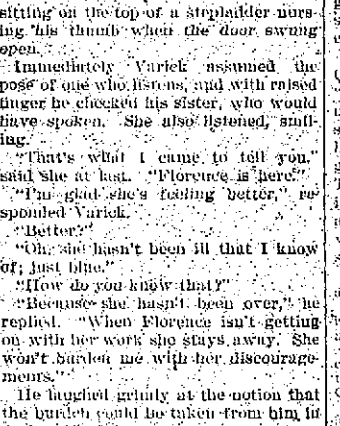
A voice from beyond the door said, "What are they?" and Florence entered.

Varick from the top of the stepladder surveyed her keenly for an instant, then he descended briskly and advanced with extended hand. His heart was full of love, but his head was in control, and not a trace of sentimental weakness marred the perfect picture of good comradeship which he presented.

"The top o' the morning to you," said he. "You're more than welcome. I need you."

"That's cheering," she replied. "I'm glad that a demand for my services exists somewhere."

"It exists everywhere," said he, with spirit, "only you won't see it. "You're



HE WAS SITTING ON THE TOP OF A STEPLADDER.

low in your mind again, Florence; that's all. Take a new grip on yourself. Get into the battle and fight harder. And, by the way, what's gone wrong this time? Is it that cover design?"

"Yes. But never mind. Let's talk about your work. What have you there, behind that curtain—a tree?"

"A Christmas tree," said he.

"Aren't you a little in advance of the season? It's three weeks to Christmas."

"This tree," said Varick, drawing aside the curtain, "is sacred to art and not to beneficence. We may make a real one of it later, however. At present this is the game—I'm illustrating Hawley Chase's new book, and"—

"Isn't that fine?" exclaimed the girl. "You will make a big hit, I'm sure."

There was true good will in her tone, quaintly mingled with a touch of envy.

"I must," responded Varick, with decision. "I suppose that Chase stands at the head of the younger popular authors. This book of his is sure of 150,000 circulation. It will be read everywhere. I tell you, Florence, this is a great chance for me."

"How long have you had it?"

"A week."

"I think you might have let me know."

"I was expecting you over here every day, and I've been at work twenty-seven hours out of every twenty-four. The publishers are in a frightful hurry. I guess that's why I got the job, the famous fellows wouldn't rush so. I've made one picture already. What do you think of it?"

He set the picture on the easel, and they regarded it for a moment in silence.

"It's dreadfully sensational," said the girl, with a little laugh, "but it's all right."

"I had to do a bit brisk," responded Varick. "The passage was marked for illustration. Loren—that's the hero—gets into a rather serious mixup with a wild western specimen named—well, never mind; I can't remember his name."

He took up some proof sheets from the table.

"The plainsman fell a hasty prey upon his weapons," he read, "but before the cold, the Loren rain around the end of the long table and leaped through the open window." I've got him right in the middle of the leap. Full of action, isn't it? What do you think?"

"I think the hero is a splendid mark, and I wonder that he got away," said Florence. "But there's a heap of good drawing in that picture. You've told the truth, no matter what the author has done."

"As to that," responded Varick, "I suppose Chase doesn't know much about shooting. He's made his reputation as a portrayer of simple life and homely characters. That's where he stumps me. I made that picture in two days and had no trouble at all, but I'm going crazy over this one." And as he spoke he set another board upon the easel.

"That little girl is seeing her first Christmas tree," explained Varick. "The heroine, a New York society belle named Livingstone, and Loren, the ex-scout, cater to fancy to a child between three and four years old and get up a Christmas celebration for her. They set up the tree behind a curtain in Miss Livingstone's drawing room and bring in the little girl. Beauty is without telling her what she's going to see. Here's the passage in the story:

"'Will you draw the curtain or will I?' asked Miss Livingstone.

"'I think you had better,' answered Loren in a solemn authoritative tone, reminiscent of his schoolmaster days.'

"At that moment Beauty, who had escaped from the maid, came running into the room, sobbing: 'Where is my Christmas tree? I want it right now!'

"Loren gathered the child in his arms and talked to her, wisely of the virtue of patience, while Miss Livingstone darkened the room, so that the lights upon the tree shone through the curtain, 'just like the twinkling stars in heaven,' as little Laura said.

"At last all was ready, and Miss Livingstone proceeded to slowly draw aside the curtain until the glittering marvel was revealed. Then Loren could no longer hold the child, though he would have liked to keep down by. Quick and elusive as a fairy, he was unable to hold her. With outstretched arms, as if to clasp the tree and all its wealth of good things to her little bosom, the eager child sprang forward."

"That's what I'm trying to show," said Varick, "but somehow I can't manage it. The child eludes me just as she eluded Loren in the story. I've had half a dozen models here, but they won't do anything. They just stand still, as if they were hypnotized. I suppose I don't know how to manage them. I'm not accustomed to children."

"The girl in that picture is seventeen years old," said Florence.

"After the children went back on me I got Lucy to pose just on the chance of a suggestion, and Sister Lucy is not in her first youth. She's thirty; that's what she is, though perhaps I oughtn't to mention it. However," he proceeded, "I've got the scheme now. I'm going to reproduce the scene, by jingo! There's my tree, there's my curtain, and I've bought a lot of candles and ornaments"—

"Have you chosen your model?"

"There are the ones I've had here already, of course, but I'd like a new one. Don't you know a little girl who could play Beauty in my scene?"

"I know one who'll look the part," answered Florence, "but whether she can play it"—

"That'll be all right when she has the tree to look at. She'll run for it fast enough. When can you bring her?"

"I'll have her here at 2 o'clock this afternoon."

He thanked her heartily and promised help in return for hers.

"As soon as this job is off my hands," said he, "I'll take hold of your work with you, and we'll thump it into shape. You can't fail, Florence. I won't have it. Just look at it as a matter of life or death and fight your way through."

Promptly at 2 Florence brought the model, and at the sight of the child Varick's joy nearly paralyzed him.

"Ideal, ideal—absolutely ideal!" he cried and repeated the words over and over again as if he had no more in his vocabulary.

The child clung to Florence and exhibited a lively terror whenever the wild eyed artist approached her.

"I suppose a studio is a strange spectacle for her," said Varick.

"At three and a half," responded Florence, "most spectacles are strange. She'll get used to it. That's what living is 'a process of getting used to things.' Nice place, isn't it, Beauty?"

"Yes," said the child.

"What's your name for this afternoon?"

"Beauty," answered the little girl. And she laughed timidly, as if asking permission.

"What are you going to see?"

"Tris'mus tree."

"What is it like?"

Beauty hid her face in the folds of Florence's gown and refused to reply.

Miss Luck Varick summoned her brother to the door just then and delivered to him a large doll which had been sent from one of the stores.

"Florence bought it," said she. "It is one that the little girl has noticed several times in a window. She'll recognize it. Florence wants you to put it in a conspicuous place."

Varick slipped the doll under his coat and got behind the curtain without attracting Beauty's attention. His artistic instinct and training enabled him to place the doll in a spot where it could not escape attention. Having done this, he proceeded to light the candles on the tree.

When all was ready he lowered the shade over the big studio window in order to give better "value" to the brilliant tree.

"Now," said he, addressing the little girl and copying some of the language of Mr. Chase's book, "this tree is all

SHE SHRANK BACK.

your own. The gifts are yours. They come from our hearts to you. We wish you to remember."

But Beauty seemed to find this discourse alarming. She hid her face and made a point of crying. After much petting and whispering by Florence the child was persuaded to turn toward the curtain again and even displayed some small signs of enthusiasm.

"She'll be great when she sees it," said Varick. "Don't hold her too tightly. Let her run. I want to see just how she does it. Now!"

Suddenly he swept the curtain aside and at the same moment Florence released her hold upon the child. The removal of the gentle hands which had held her frightened Beauty, and she shrank back till she could get a good grip of Florence's skirt. Thus sustained she stood staring at the tree, her eyes widening and her face brightening. But she was immovable and speechless.

"Just like the others!" groaned Varick. "She doesn't do a thing. But she likes it, though. I can see that. She'll be all right in a minute."

"Like it, Beauty?" asked Florence.

Beauty looked around timidly and whispered an unintelligible word.

"It's all for you, little girl," said Varick; "all yours."

Beauty's pose became less trancelike. She seemed to be struggling with something in the nature of an idea.

"Mine?" she said, with difficulty. "Oh-h!"

She took the least little step forward.

"Yes, yours," whispered Florence; "all for you."

Slowly the child crept forward step by step and dragging Florence after her. It was a wonderful display of courage. Beauty braved the unfamiliar, dazzling, menacing apparition in the center for the sake of the dolly which lay in its embrace. Having won that prize, she retreated hastily and sat down in a far corner, with the dolly clasped to her bosom. The neglected Christmas tree was behind her.

* * * * * * *

"I'm going to draw the thing just as it happened," said Varick half an hour later. "And Chase and his publisher may do what they please. Chase is evidently a donkey. He is ignorant of life. As a matter of fact, I knew that already. But I had a few illusions in regard to myself. This little experiment has dispelled them, and I see myself for what I am."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He took her hand, but not as he had done earlier in the day.

"I have been just as silly about you," said he, "as Chase has been about his little girl. I've neglected the plain facts of human nature. I've been trying to fill your heart with a man's courage; I've been trying to make you fight as I fight, hope as I hope, endure as I endure, and it's a monstrosity. No wonder that you always stay away from me when you're blue. It shows your good sense. But try me once more. When the work goes badly come to me, and I will tell you that it doesn't matter a bit, that I love you just the same and always shall, and I'll not tell you to smash things and fight the luck because that's a man's way. I'll not address your dear little head at all, because that's not the right way. I'll speak straight to your heart from my heart, very gently and tenderly—if—if your heart will listen"—

"Yes," said she, weeping happily, "it will."

### When a Chinese Emperor Dies.

When a Chinese emperor dies the intelligence is announced by dispatches to the several provinces written with blue ink, the mourning color. All persons of rank are required to take red silk ornaments from their caps with the ball or button of rank. All subjects of China without exception are called upon to forbear shaving their heads for 100 days, within which period none may marry, play upon musical instruments or perform any sacrifice.

### Letting the Old Year Out.

In old times the Saxons used to dance around an apple tree on New Year's eve singing a song. This was supposed to insure a good crop. Also bells were rung to notify the people of the going out of the old and the coming in of the new year.

### Lucky Patients.

"Did you ever make any mistakes, doctor?"

"Well, I've had several patients get well that I expected would die."

## ANIMALS AS SWIMMERS.

### Polar Bear Can Travel the Farthest in the Water.

The polar bear carries the blue ribbon on long distance swimming. He spends much of his time in the water. Journeying across polar wastes from continent to continent, his body is immersed in freezing water, which is the greatest detriment to man in long distance swims. If one member of a family is a good swimmer it may be taken for granted that all the rest of the family are. Several animals, as hedgehogs, rats, etc., which would at first glance be considered bad performers in the water, are in reality fairly respectable swimmers.

The rodents are a large family, comprising among their numbers such water lovers as beavers and such land lovers as squirrels and rabbits. The common house rat when he takes to living on river banks is almost as much at home in the water as his cousin, the water mole, and the same thing may be said of mice, notably the water shrew. Many observers are of the opinion that the squirrel does not swim at all, but that by hopping on to a floating piece of bark and using his tail as a sail he crosses the widest river. When forcibly thrown into water squirrels are first evidently alarmed at the thought of trusting themselves to so treacherous an element, and at starting some of them will spring into the air as if inclined rather to fly than to swim, but once well afloat they paddle away with such rapidity as to exhaust themselves in a few minutes. In this action the head and shoulders are carried very high out of the water, while the rest of the body sinks deep beneath the surface, in direct contrast to the pose of hares and rabbits, which in swimming are like an ill ballasted ship, "down by the head." Like the squirrel, these two animals show great timidity in the water, and naturally so, for their head is so low and stern so much that the slightest ripple on the surface sends their noses under water and so drowns them. In perfectly still water both can swim considerable distances.

The ruminant family all take freely to the water, except perhaps the wild sheep and the chamois. Of pigs it is commonly reported that so queerly fashioned are they that if they attempt to swim they cut their throats with the fore feet, but this is only an old wife's fable. Whether wild or tame, they are all good swimmers, but owing to the shortness of their legs they just touch their throats with their fore feet and beat the water very high. Many of the islands of the southern seas are now inhabited by wild pigs which are the descendants of those who have swum ashore, sometimes great distances, from wrecked vessels. Camels cannot swim. They are buoyant, but ill balanced, and their heads go to the water. They can, however, be taught to swim rivers with the aid of goatskins or jars fastened under their necks. During the Babrdistan expedition of 1898 the camels were towed into the sea from the ships, and their drivers, plunging overboard, clambered on their chargers, causing the animals' heads to come up, and, thus assisted, they were successfully piloted ashore.—New York Life.

### John Bright and Queen Victoria.

Lord Granville in a letter to Gladstone in 1868 thus describes his interview of John Bright to Queen Victoria at Osborne: "I called for him at dinner time. His dress was irreproachable after he had readily agreed to take off a pair of bridal white gloves. He was rather pleased, quoted his tailor's approval of tights and acknowledged he had promised to rehearse his costume before his wife and daughter. The beginning of dinner was awful, the queen with a sick headache and shy, Princess Louise whispering unintelligibly in my ear, Bright like a war horse champing his bit and dying to be at them. At last an allusion to children enabled me to tell Bright to repeat to her majesty his brother's observation, 'Where, considering what charming things children are, do all the queer old men come from?' This amused the queen, and all went on merrily."

### Take a Fresh Start.

As the horses trot down to the wire in a long, straggling line a race official bangs a bell and the whole field turns and goes back to try again. A fresh start is necessary. But it is not only on the race tracks that fresh starts are essential to the achievement of results. There are countless instances of business firms taking fresh starts after visitations of misfortune. Individuals without number daily turn their backs upon discouragements of the past and take a fresh start. The man who fails is he who is unwilling to do battle over again. An individual suffers everlasting failure if, when confronted by obstacles, he refuses to gird up his loins and take a fresh start. Fresh starts are the foes of sluggishness and laziness and the guarantees of a brighter success than could be possible without them.—Baltimore Herald.

### A Car That Gave Courage.

The carrocchio, which dated from about the year 1035, was the car of state and sacred palladium of the Lombard republic. Standing on four wheels, it was painted red and drawn by four pairs of milk white oxen with splendid scarlet trappings. In the center of the car, raised upon a mast crowned with a golden ball, floated the standard of the republic. Beneath this was an image of the Saviour on the cross, as though lifted up to bless the surrounding hosts. It was the custom, whenever they took the field, to inspire courage in the hearts of the soldiers by the presence of the carrocchio, so that feelings of religion and of military glory were blended and associated with it. Round it raged the heat of battle, and the duty of defending it insured an orderly retreat.

### Every Bit as Good.

"Have you a belt that will go about my waist?" asked the young lady with a smile as she entered the dry goods store.

"No, but I have something just as good," replied the young man who formerly worked in a drug store.—Yonkers Statesman.

## ORDER OF THE GARTER.

### Its Alleged Religious Origin Only a Legendary Romance.

[illegible] of 1300, one of the Golden [illegible] like that of the Garter, [illegible] mystery. Very few modern [illegible] attach any credence to the vulgar tradition, wholly unsupported by any authority, that at a court ball given by Edward III. a lady, supposed to be the Countess of Salisbury, dropped her garter, and the king, taking it up and observing some of the courtiers to smile as though they thought he had not obtained this favor merely by accident, exclaimed in a loud voice, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

There is another opinion which traces the origin of this order, which, according to the learned Seldon, "exceeds in nullesty, honor and fame all the chivalrous orders in the world," to Richard Coeur de Lion having, upon the occasion of some warlike expedition during his wars in Palestine chosen a leathern thonged garter as the distinctive mark of his partisans. Yet another theory ascribes the foundation of the order to the fact that Edward at the battle of Crecy loosed his garter as a signal for battle, which, proving successful, determined him to institute the order in memory of the event.

Both these opinions are to a certain extent feasible, and the first is materially fortified by the well known fact that when the crusaders captured St. Jean d'Acre in a nocturnal assault the knights of the Christian army were ordered to wear straps of white leather bound round the leg under the left knee in order to distinguish them from the infidels.

## THE WATER SPIRIT.

### Origin of Odd Beliefs About Rescuing Drowning Persons.

In Great Britain the belief that you must not rescue a drowning person is most prevalent in Cornwall and various parts of Scotland. The French sailor and the boatman of the Danube bow to the decree together with the Russians and let the people drown.

Dr. Taylor in his "Primitive Culture" declares this lingering fondness for this old creed is because the water spirit is angry at being despoiled of its victim, and should the unlucky person who has dared to frustrate him trust himself to the water's power he will drown as sure as fate.

The Bohemian disdains shrinks from snatching a drowning man from the waters, fearing the water demon will take away his luck in fishing and drown him before he gets to shore with the would be victim. In Germany when some one is drowned they say, "The river spirit claims its yearly sacrifice," or, "The nix has taken him."

The belief is current not alone in those countries above mentioned, but the Kamchadahs rather than help a man out of the water would force him under, and if he should escape to the shore no one would dare receive him into his house or dare to give him food. He is supposed to be dead after once falling into the water.

### A Mighty Desert Wind.

The simoon is a hot noxious electrified wind which passes over the sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa. It moves with the quickness of lightning and passes in narrow currents for a few minutes at a time. It deals instant death to every man or beast happening to face it, and it is said that it so decomposes them that their limbs fall asunder. The approach of it is indicated by thick haze in the horizon, and travelers, if they have time, throw themselves on their faces, with their feet toward it, till it has passed. The sirocco is another blighting wind, which prevails in Italy and adjoining districts about April. The West Indian hurricanes are of a totally different description, being simply vortexes of great force, and they have been known to blow heavy cannon out of a battery and carry a man over a ten foot wall.

### Paris Restaurants.

A Chicago man just returned from a ramble in Europe declares that in Paris the traps for unwary travelers are innumerable as the sands of the seashore. One of the most familiar is the restaurant where the bill of fare is without prices, the check being made out according to what the customer seems able to pay. "I was bitten once or twice in this way," says the traveler, "but then I refused to order unless the menu mentioned the cost. Sometimes the proprietor protested feebly, but I told him that he didn't buy his victuals without knowing the price, and I should follow his example."

### To Save One's Bacon.

"To save one's bacon"—that is, to make a narrow escape is supposed to refer to the Dunmow ditch. For many centuries it was the custom at Dunmow, in England, to present a flitch of bacon to a married couple of twenty years' standing who would make oath on the Scriptures that they had never had a quarrel. To come close to a quarrel without an actual rupture was, in the popular dialect, "to save one's bacon."

### When He Swore Off.

He swore that he would smoke his last
Cigar on New Year's day,
No circumstance should tempt him from
His stern resolve to stray.

His fellows, straightway they began
That earnest man to josh.
They knew from long experience
That swearing off is bosh.

He kept his word. Those knowing men
They simply lost their bets.
Since New Year's day he has not smoked
A thing but cigarettes.
—Washington Post.

### Similar Symptoms.

One—Are you certain that you love the girl? Tuther—Certain? Why, I can't sleep of nights for thinking about her. One—I get the same effect from my tailor's bills.—New Yorker.

### The Way to Success.

Success in industrial business nowadays is as simple as a fairy tale. The young man must find out how to kill the dragon—the dragon of competition.—Saturday Evening Post.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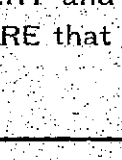

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**McKean County Miner**

Smethport, Thursday, Dec. 21, 1905.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—1906.

—The P. S. & N. R. R. has a change of time table in this issue.

—It is said that the people of Ormsby and the big level between Mt. Jewett and Kane had sleighing for Christmas.

—Harry Hemphill, sheriff of Cameron county, dropped dead at his home in Emporium on Christmas day. He was a very prominent politician in that county.

—Do you wish to become a stenographer, a bookkeeper, a musician, an elocutionist, a teacher? Then come to Edinboro. Winter session begins Jan. 2, 1906. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—The indications at present are that Hornellsville, Olean, Bradford, Kane, DuBois, Oil City, Erie and Warren-Jamestown will comprise the Interstate baseball league the coming season.

—On New Year's Day the Kane Republican moved into its new quarters in the McDade block and has installed a new newspaper press among other improvements. We congratulate the Republican on its prosperity.

—Howard Palmer, aged 21 years, was struck on the stomach with an iron bar while attempting to adjust a belt on a pulley at the Penn Glass Tube works in East Bradford last Thursday and received injuries which resulted in his death in a few hours.

—An exchange is responsible for the following: A boy stood an umbrella in a church doorway during a meeting. To the umbrella was attached a strong cord, an end of which the boy held in his right hand. When the meeting was over, eleven different persons carried this umbrella to the length of the string.

—A Clarion county paper says: Probably the youngest and smallest oil producer in this community is little Alfred W. Smiley, son of our townsman, R. M. Smiley, who is now only 16 months old. His grandfather, Hon. A. W. Smiley, of Foxburg, thinks his new partner is about the only "kid" that ever happened, and some time ago made him a present of a one-fourth interest in a producing well. Considerable oil has already been sold, and the proceeds placed in the bank to his credit, with his father, R. M. Smiley, as guardian. The youngster ought to appreciate his grandpap—that is, if the well holds out.

#### Vultures and a Dead Tiger.

The vulture is seen at its best when a dead tiger, brought into camp to be skinned, is exposed in the open. Overhead is a cloudless sky, and not a bird to be seen in that great void by the human eye. The tiger's body is thrown upon the pad to the ground and before the skin has been removed there above are the vultures. Circling, pairing, like flying of air-new a dozen of them, in a few minutes a score or two and then a hundred strong. Then, when the tiger's carcass of the tiger is left by those who skinned it, the vultures descend. Down they drop like feathered thunder out of the sky, and from east and west and north and south, the very embodiment of power, while they whirled aloft and in their quick descent to earth, and now, as they waddle around, that carrion beast, unshapen ghouls, whose only apparent strength is that of the ravening jaws which tear and gorge the tiger's flesh, until within the hour naught of that splendid brute remains but a clean picked skeleton.—Sir Edward Braddon's "Thirty Years of Shikar."

#### A Bank Pessimist.

A Lady Bountiful living in a suburban village met an old man on the road one day and asked after his family, his health, etc. The old man gave a rather gloomy account of things. He had to work all day and every day, and he was growing old and felt the cold and was always tired. He wished he could rest a bit after his long life of labor. He was weary, very weary.

Lady Bountiful reminded him gently that every one had his share of work to do in this world, and that it was all only a preparation of the world to come, where there will be no tears or labor.

The old man shook his head and smiled cynically.

"That may be for the likes of you," he said. "But there'll be work for the likes of me. It will be the same thing there: 'John, clean the sun.' 'John, hang out the moon.' 'John, light the stars.' 'John, stop the wind.' They will find something for me to do, ma'am—you'll see."

#### Palmistry.

"Do you think that there is anything in palmistry?"

"I don't know," answered young Mrs. Torkins. "Charles told a friend that every time he looked at his hand last night he knew he was going to lose money."—Washington Star.

#### A Definition.

Gladys—Mamma, what is a "cursory glance?" Mamma—It is the kind of look that your father gives when he wants to swear, but doesn't dare.—Roslyn News.

#### Intensible to Pain.

A mother's love for her children is always being illustrated, not only in books, but in real life. A true story is told of a lady whose baby was very ill and who sat watching the child with absorbed attention, every instant fearing another convulsion and praying for deliverance from it. At her side stood an older child, who had stolen into the room unobserved and who was trying to prick the little black spots in mamma's muslin sleeve with a needle he had found. Presently the father came in, and the little child was sent away.

"What is the matter with your arm?" whispered the gentleman to his wife when at last they turned to each other and smiled their thankfulness that the baby had fallen asleep.

"I don't know," said she. "Nothing that I am aware of."

She put up her hand and found that the thin muslin sleeve was soaked with blood. The little boy had become so absorbed in his sport that he had jabbed with all his might, and she in her terrible anxiety had not felt the thrust.

#### Cleaning Men's Clothes.

A tailor of fifty years' experience gives the following information:

All men's clothing to be cleaned should be thoroughly beaten and brushed. Some things are so dirty it is absolutely necessary to wash them, as any other woolen goods, from on the wrong side. To remove spots, use the following:

Two ounces of hartshorn, an ounce of white soap, a quarter of an ounce of sulphuric. Dissolve in a quart of rain water.

He has used many cleaning mixtures, but considers this the best. Put a wad of soft cloth (like an old towel) under the spot, saturate well and rub hard. The secret of success lies in hard rubbing, which will drive the grease through into the wad of cloth. Rub dark goods with dark woolen and light goods with light. Press on right side with damp cloth between iron and garment.—Buffalo News.

#### Indian Summer.

Indian summer is the short spell of warm [illegible] October or November according to [illegible] the last chill of autumn [illegible]. Sometimes it [illegible] night, and it has [illegible] recur twice or thrice [illegible] this is quite rare. [illegible] phenomenon of the [illegible] the name of [illegible] in Germany, "St. [illegible] in England, the [illegible] being Oct. 18 and Nov. 11 respectively. The name Indian summer is of an unidentified origin. It has been established that it does not signify on any record earlier than 1794, but when first recorded it was a well known term in general use. The use of the expression in 1778 by Horace Walpole clearly referred to the torrid summer of the West Indies and not to this pleasant period of the autumn.

#### The Satan of the Greeks.

The Greek conception of the evil one, whom they call Yama, makes that personage one of the most satanic of the whole evil tribe. According to their ideas of him, he is 240 miles high and the hairs on his body stand out like palm trees on a mountain side. He punishes the doomed being submitted to his charge by putting them in beds of boiling oil, sawing their bodies in two, pouring molten lead in their ears and such other little pranks as pulling out their tongues, toe and finger nails and gouging out their eyes. He is a heartless old fiend of the most fiendish kind and has many other exquisite little tortures laid up for the helpless wretch consigned to his "chamber of horrors."

#### The Cent Is Not Small.

With the exception of the English penny, the cent is the largest minimum unit of money in the civilized world. Roughly speaking, our cent is worth 2 kopecks, 2 cents Mexican, Chinese and East Indian, 2 sits or millièmes. It is two and a half times larger than the cent of the Netherlands or the kreutzer. There are 4 pfes, ore or pfennige to the cent or 5 bani, centesimi, lepta, heller, pennia, centimes or stotinki. A cent is worth 10 paras Turkish or 10 Japanese rin, 11 cash Chinese or 50 paras Servian. When the trolley car conductors of Servia say when tendered a five cent fare in paras would probably not be fit to print.

#### Madison's Mint Julep Bet.

Among the trees at the edge of the lawn on the right hand side of the house as you face the mountains James Madison built an icehouse. This was in 1806, and it was the first icehouse in Orange county, Va. Ice in summer! His servants were incredulous. And he bet his overseer an iced mint julep on the Fourth of July, against which the latter wagered a wild turkey. Of course Madison won the turkey.—Country Life In America.

#### The Common Mistake.

"Higgins says that when he went to school he was one of the brightest boys in his class."

"Yes," answered the sporting man; "that's where so many of us fall down—getting out of our class."—Washington Star.

#### A Vast Difference.

She—Mr. Riche says very bitter things about those last sons of his, but his wife is always making excuses for them. He—Yes, she makes excuses, but he has to make allowances for them. That's what angers him.

Thoughts go forth to purposes, purposes go forth in actions, actions form habits, habits decide character, and character fixes our destiny.—Tryon Edwards.

#### Easy.

"How do you suppose that fellow ever got through college?"

"By means of a college coach."—Baltimore American.

It is great and manly to disdain disguise; it shows our spirit and proves our strength.—Young.

#### Cutting a Cameo.

It is said that the stone from which cameos are cut—onyx and sardonyx—is so plentiful on the Uruguay river in Brazil, that ships often take it away as ballast. Nevertheless perfect pieces of large size are costly, a piece suitable for a large portal costing as much as $75. This stone is preferred for cameos because of its hardness and durability and is suitable for such work, owing to the fact that it comes in layers of contrasting color, as black and white, black and cream or red and white. When the cut figure is sunk in to the stone instead of being raised the cutting is called an intaglio. The cost of these gems is due to the time and skill required in the work. Formerly a small gem might occupy an artist for a year or more, but with modern appliances the work can be done much more rapidly. Still the ancient work bears the palm for artistic excellence. The cutting is now done by holding the stone against a revolving drill whose soft steel face is covered with diamond dust. No steel is hard enough to cut the stone. The utmost patience and caution and delicate handling are required, as the slightest slip may be fatal to the work.

#### Curran In the Coffee House.

John Philpot Curran, the famous Irish lawyer, ranks among the wittiest men the Emerald Isle has ever produced. His wife, however, was sometimes a thorn against himself by the intended victim, the following story, taken from the volume of biographical reminiscences entitled "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," furnishing an amusing example of how Curran was once outdone.

A brisk young widow in some part of Ireland used to preside at the table of a coffeehouse patronized by Curran. Her name was Honor, and one day there was some disputed charge.

Curran slyly winked at the friend who happened to be dining with him and proposed "honor and honesty."

"By all means," added the widow briskly, holding her glass to be filled, "let us drink to Mr. Curran's absent friends."

#### Daisies Follow Railways.

"Buttercups and daisies follow railroads the world over," said an engineer. "In India, in central Asia, in Brazil, the parallel yellow runs continually between meadows white and yellow with living flowers. In the construction of all foreign railways American or English engineers have a hand. They each know that good home grass is the best thing for holding together the earth on embankments. Grass is tough and lasting. It strikes root so easily that it practically cements the most flimsy earthworks. So grass seed from home is sown on railway embankments all over the world by the home engineers helping to build them, and thus in the most tropical places, among gorgeous orchids and palms and giant cacti, you will see mile after mile of wholesome clean home grass, studded with white daisies and yellow buttercups."

#### The Curse of Scotland.

Among the reasons why the nine of diamonds has been called the curse of Scotland are the following:

Diamonds, nine of, called the curse of Scotland, from a Scotch member of parliament, part of whose family arms is the nine of diamonds, voting for the introduction of the malt tax into Scotland.—"Chronology; or, The Historian's Companion," Fourth Edition, by Thomas Tegg, London, 1826.

There is a George Campbell mentioned in Burton's "History of Scotland" as having caused the nine of diamonds to be called the curse of Scotland because he stole nine diamonds out of the royal crown in the reign of Mary Stuart, in consequence of which all Scotland was taxed.

#### Canaries.

Sometimes a canary's coat gets a pale, sickly yellow. Give him half an ounce of ground red pepper such as is used on your table and let the bird eat it as he likes. In a week he'll turn a beautiful orange color. Bird lice are troublesome at times. A pinch of powdered saffron put under the wings will drive away the pests. Gravel in the cage every day and a dish of tepid water for a bath every other day are indispensable to the singer's health and happiness.

#### Each Day a White Page.

The new year is not present with us, only a new day. So it will be continually: we shall see but one day at a time. If each day is lived aright, the whole year will be right; if each day is wrong the year will be wrong. Each day is a white page to be written. Write it beautifully, and the book of the year will be beautiful.—J. H. Bliss.

#### Resigned.

"Now," said the physician who is noted for his heavy charges, "I must take your temperature."

"All right," responded the patient in a tone of utter resignation. "You've got about everything else I own. There's no reason why you shouldn't take that too."—Paris Journal.

#### Reassured.

"You haven't married me just to spite somebody else, have you?" she asked, looking anxiously up into his honest blue eyes.

"No, dear," he absentmindedly replied. "I took you for your money alone."—Chicago Record-Herald.

#### Two Loves.

"But, Emma, how can you prefer the plain and shabbily dressed Julius to my elegant and handsome brother?"

"That is quite simple. Your brother is in love with himself, and Julius with me."—Paris Journal.

#### Rich.

"I suppose your idea of a rich man is one who has everything he wants?"

"No; it's one who has everything I want."—Philadelphia Ledger.

#### A Veteran.

Lawyer—The cross examination did not seem to worry you a little bit. Have you had any previous experience? Client—Six children.

#### The Way Spaniards Smoke.

The Spaniards are the most expert smokers in the world. A native takes a heavy puff at his cigarette, inhales the smoke, takes up a wine skin or bottle, pours half a pint down his throat, holding the vessel a foot from his mouth, without spilling a drop, and then with a sigh of satisfaction closes his eyes and exhales the smoke from his nose and mouth in clouds. He will also inhale the smoke, converse for a few minutes in a natural manner, and then blow out the smoke.

#### Disillusion.

A darky who had obtained a marriage license from the register of deeds at Halifax returned next day with the license and asked if he couldn't get his money back. "You see, jedge," he explained, "I thought I wuz 'bout ter marry a woman wid some money, w'en, to en behol', she didn't have enough ter 'sef' me on my honeymoon."—Weldon News.

#### Volubility.

Mabel (studying her lesson)—Papa, what is the definition of "volubility?" Mabel's Father—My child, "volubility" is a distinguishing feature of your mother when on account of urgent business affairs I don't happen to reach home until after 2 o'clock in the morning.

#### Means of Success.

Stern Father—He who sows the wind reaps the whirlwind. Prodigal Son—Well, he raises the wind anyway.


## INDIGESTION'S RECORD

"The best remedy I can prescribe for your indigestion, madam, is Green's August Flower. I know of several other physicians who prescribe it regularly."

¶Indigestion is making an awful record as a cause of sudden deaths. It is beating heart failure in its ghastly harvest.

¶You read in the papers daily of apparently healthy and even robust men being suddenly attacked with acute indigestion after enjoying a hearty meal, and of their dying in many cases before a physician could be called in.

¶This should be a warning to you who suffer with regular or periodical attacks of indigestion. If these unfortunate victims of acute indigestion had taken a small dose of Green's August Flower before or after their meals they would not have fallen a prey to such sudden seizures.

¶August Flower prevents indigestion by creating good digestion. It also regulates the liver, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system in a natural way.

¶Two sizes, 25c and 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.



## A CAPITAL STOCK
—OF—
## SUITS and OVERCOATS

Black unfinished worsted Suits, and Black Irish Frieze O'Coats, silk lined throughout, have merited an immense popularity. We enjoy a big business in these sensible Suits and Overcoats.

They can be had at from $12.50 to $15.00

Just ask for the

LIVERIGHT MAKE

Clothing if you want the best.

**Wm. Monheimer.**



## L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs

and

Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.



# It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.



# STOP! READ and REFLECT

And then go to

# BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

**DRY GOODS, NOTIONS**
**FURNISHING GOODS,**
**HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES**

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN.

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.



# JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

## FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

**SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.**



**Brasted's** CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

# McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 4, 1906.


Those who have resolved to use every effort to make Smethport bigger and more prosperous than ever before have resolved well. If you forgot to make a similar resolution it is not too late. Do it now.

It is time to give Alaska a territorial government. Her people are asking for it as a means of protection and development, and they are entitled to it. They are making a handsome profit to the United States for the Alaskan investment.

These are dark days in Russia and conditions are getting worse instead of better. It is claimed that Witte has resigned and the powers that be have given up all hopes of restoring peace by giving the people more liberty and the severest means are to be used to suppress the uprising against the government.

The time is drawing near when we are to select borough officers. There are one or more very important questions to come before our borough council in the near future, one of which is the paving of Main street, and every taxpayer should take an interest to see that the best men are selected to fill these positions regardless of party.

The Union printers of the United States are on a strike for an eight hour day at the same scale of wages in the job department of printing offices and the Typothetae, an organization of employers, will fight the Union to the finish against an eight hour day at the present wage scale. The compositors on newspapers already have the eight hour day in Union offices and as the printers have one of the strongest labor organizations in the world the fight will be a better one with the chances of winning rather in favor of the printers.

Former Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho was killed last Saturday night by the explosion of two bombs at his home in Caldwell. Steunenberg was terribly wounded, the right arm being nearly torn off. All his right side was fearfully torn, the right leg being mangled and shattered. The left leg was also mangled. The features of the victim were not disfigured. The bombs were placed at the gate and exploded by unknown persons pulling a string when he reached the gate. It is supposed he was murdered because of his activity in crushing miners' strikes in 1899. Several suspects have been arrested.

### Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Dec. 30, 1905

The minority has found something fresh to talk about, at least something comparatively fresh and which promises to consume a good deal of time when Congress reassembles. It is the relation of this country to the South American republics as exemplified in the case of Santo Domingo. Good old Senator Morgan, whose honesty no one has ever questioned any more than they have questioned his staying powers when he commences to talk, has announced that he will make the Santo Domingo treaty a party issue and protest in strong language and at length against this country acting as a debt collecting agency for foreign powers. It may be said that Senator Morgan in this case has the most of the Democratic members behind him. He and they after him hold that the United States is establishing a dangerous precedent in taking charge of Santo Domingan finances for the benefit of her creditors. The position of the Democratic party will be that this country should announce that the Monroe Doctrine is against any European power collecting the debts of its subjects by forcible means from any South American country. They say that if this law is laid down, lenders of money will have to enter into contracts with the small revolutionary states of South America at their own risk and that the borrowing power of the small states will be limited by their willingness to pay their debts. European lenders know of course that there is a certain amount of risk in lending to the small republics and they exact a high rate of interest on this account and the Democrats declare that if this government agrees to act as a debt collector, it will have its hands full and will increase the borrowing power of the little republics abroad because the lenders will feel that they have the collecting power of the United States behind them.

This is a good argument in a way, and yet it is shown in the case of Santo Domingo that the natural resources of the country are abundantly sufficient to meet its obligations if honestly administered, and the object lesson that has been given by the United States will probably be worth all that it will cost this country. At the same time it is likely that the Republican leaders will nurse this tenderly to talk, knowing that in the House at least they can cut it off whenever they feel inclined. It will be a safety valve for the spleen of the opposition and may in the case of need prevent them from talking of more harmful subjects. At the same time it will be in general opposition to the administration and that is a matter of satisfaction to a good many of the House and Senate leaders. So in all probability Santo Domingo affairs will get a periodical airing in the next few months and there is some talk of making the matter one of joint resolution so that it can be discussed in open session. In which case the public will not have to wait for the report of the executive session proceedings till some Senator has told the newspaper men all that went on behind closed doors.

The report of the Isthmian Canal Commission was made public to-day and it shows a great improvement in conditions on the Isthmus since the American administration took hold. The report does not claim that any actual work has been done on the Canal. True 1,000,000 cubic yards of earth have been removed from the Culebra Cut, but that was done largely to clear the workings for active operations and as an experiment to practically determine the cost of excavation as a basis for future calculations. What has been done, however is to make the Isthmus a habitable place, and the sanitation work that is done is worth all it has cost and will shorten by several years the actual work of digging the canal. Both Panama and Colon have been cleaned up and yellow fever stamped out, a thing that heretofore it was not thought possible to do on the Isthmus. The two towns have received a water supply for the first time in their history, and pavements and sewers are being put in to make the towns a permanent and possible place of residence for white people. Schools have been established and the children are being taught, and altogether the preliminary work may be considered complete so that all that remains is to dig the ditch as it would have been dug in an ordinary temperate clime.

The friends of the ship Subsidy Bill have outlined a new plan of subsidies which it is declared will not be a great drain on the Treasury and which will add largely to the American tonnage, to the shipbuilding industry at home and will furnish a large naval reserve analogous to the National Guard on shore. It is figured by the friends of the measure that it will not cost more than $7,000,000 annually at the end of ten years and that it will much more than pay for itself in the extension of American markets and in other advantages. It is quite a lengthy and detailed plan, but is quoted as if it will stand much show in this era of economy in Congress.

The great floating dry-dock, Dewey, has at last started on its long journey to Manila. The journey from Chesapeake Bay is about 14,000 miles and it is expected it will take from three to six months to make the trip. The dock is under the tow of three auxiliary cruisers and a big ocean going tug. The dock itself and all of the ships are equipped with wireless apparatus, so that they seldom will be out of touch with wireless stations or with ocean steamers in some quarter of the globe. The tolls on the dock in going through the Suez Canal will be $25,000. Altogether it is the greatest feat of the sort ever undertaken anywhere.

### Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

WANTED—To appoint resident agts. in McKean county to represent our full line of lightning rods. For full particulars address Hunt & Leatherman, 103 Market St., Pittsburg, Pa.

### Administrator's Notice.

ESTATE OF Z. T. CARL, late of KEATING TOWNSHIP, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of McKean county, the undersigned, Administrator of said decedent, will expose at public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on Tuesday, the 30th day of January, A. D. 1906, commencing at 9 o'clock a. m. the following described messuage and tracts of land:

1st.—All that certain piece or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of Lot No. 33 of the allotment of Bingham lands in Keating Township, conveyed to Willis Barrett; thence along the south line of said lot North 89 degrees west about 104 perches; thence along the east lines of lots Nos. 301 and 136 conveyed to Alfred J. Bond, south 1¼ degrees west 91.1 perches; thence along the north line of lot No. 136, also conveyed to Alfred J. Bond aforesaid, south 89¼ degrees east 101.2 perches; thence along the east line of lot No. 104 conveyed to Isaac Brewer, north 1¼ degrees east 80 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 51.2 acres, strict measure, be the same more or less, and being lot No. 33 of Bingham lands in Keating Township, and parts of Warrants Nos. 3053 and 2239. Being the same premises conveyed to Zachariah T. Carl by William Bingham trustees by deed dated, Feb'y. 28th, 1880, and recorded in Deed Book Vol 57, page 359 McKean County records, unimproved land, but well timbered.

2nd. All that certain piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Township of Keating, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit: Beginning at the northwest corner of lot No. 30 of the allotment of the Bingham lands in Keating Township, now owned and occupied by Otis Irons; thence along the west line of said lot south ½ degrees west 51.6 perches; thence along the north line of lot No. 28 of said allotment, and running north 88½ degrees west 168 perches; thence south 8 perches, and north 88½ degrees west 72.6 perches; thence along the east line of lot No. 35 of said allotment, north 1¼ degrees east 61.5 perches; thence along the south line of lot No. 24 of said allotment south 87¾ east 164.8 perches; thence south 80 degrees east 24.7 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 58.8 acres of land, with the usual allowance of 6% for roads, be the same more or less, it being lot No. 25 of the allotment of Bingham lands in Keating Township, and part of Warrants Nos. 3053 and 2239. Being the same premises conveyed to Zachariah T. Carl by C. H. Swarthout and wife, by deed dated November 11th, 1885, and recorded in Deed Book 30, at page 513. Improved and having thereon one and one-half story board house, one large frame barn with lean-to, usual outbuildings, a quantity of fruit trees, and well watered.

Terms of sale one-third of the purchase price down, and the balance of the purchase money on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.

GORTON & RICHMOND,
Attorneys.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c and $1.00 at Druggists



## McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

**Globe-Wernicke Book Case**

**Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pen.**



## COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Emperor and Puritan
Palmer House,
**35c**

**20c**

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister,
**30c**

Black Coffee
**10,20,22,&35 cents**

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

**A. E. FOSTER & CO**



IF YOU LOOKING FOR

**GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS**

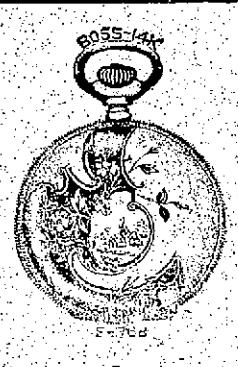
Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

**Hagberg & Sherburne.**





RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

KERR

Main St. - Smethport

**If It Says So**

you needn't doubt it for a moment. Our reputation for everything that applies to modern plumbing is the best.

NEW STYLE PLUMBING APPLIANCES

that are perfect in sanitary are the only ones we figure on. Our plumbing work in that contemplated building will enhance its value. Get our figures before doing that job. You'll regret it if you don't.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.



**COLD, WET WEATHER**

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

**Anderson & Carlson,**

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.



**DENTISTRY.**

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.



**Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.**

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

| | |
|---|---|
| CAPITAL | $200,000.00 |
| SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS | $50,000.00 |

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited.

OFFICERS.

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GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
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**Blankets and Robes.**

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at this store you can always find

Just What You Want.

a full line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

**Jas. Lemmler,**
Smethport, Pa.


### Notice of Administration.

In the estate of the Reverend P. Cosgrove, deceased. Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of the Reverend P. Cosgrove, deceased, late of Smethport, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, to James A. McKean, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

JAMES A. MCKEAN,
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 7, 1905. Administrator.


## A Happy New Year

The past year has brought to our store many new faces and we trust that none have gone away dissatisfied. During the coming year, as in the past, we shall strive to please our patrons by giving them the very best of Clothing at the lowest possible prices, and money back if wanted. We wish our friends one and all a

## Very Happy New Year

**H. W. RUBIN,** SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.



**Call and look over our stock of Christmas Goods**

Toys of all kinds for the Children.
GAMES DOLLS IRON TOYS
DRUMS DISHES Etc.

Do not forget to ask for a LADIES HOME JOURNAL STYLE BOOK. Patterns represented in this book always in stock or furnished at short notice.

Our line of dry goods is always complete. Look over my stock before buying and see how much you can buy with little money.

**D. C. YOUNG**
SMETHPORT, PA.

December 4, 1905.



FALL AND WINTER STYLES
IN
**Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c**

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

**G. W. SHILLENN**
THE LEADING TAILOR.



## GREAT BARGAINS

Saturday morning at 8 o'clock starts a very important clearance sale of women and children's garments. A great variety is included in this sale,—everything in millinery, a good assortment of ladies' and children's coats, furs, ladies skirts, silk petticoats, etc. What few Christmas goods we have left will be closed out at a great sacrifice. Come early while the assortment is good.

**MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S**



## A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

***H. C. WELLS***

# The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

## OUR COAT AND SUIT CLEARANCE

As is our custom we will clear our store of

WINTER COATS AND SUITS.

before inventory and give you a chance of the year to purchase a coat or suit. Nobby stylish coats at a figure that will surprise you.

## 25 per cent or 1-4 off

on every coat.

All good styles and our choice stock, but they all go, and the first one here gets the cream of the sale.

Our COAT DEPARTMENT has been moved to the second floor where this sale will be conducted.

Friday morning at 9 o'clock is the time. DON'T FORGET.

# The Lindholm Co.



## CHASE STABLE BLANKETS

are the acme of stable usefulness with all the up-to-date attachments, good materials and warm linings. They are made to fit and will not twist or come off. Easily adjusted, simple in construction. The

## CHASE STREET BLANKET

are equally good. We have them in a great many different weights and patterns. Everything that can be done to make CHASE blankets superior to all others has been done.

# H. H. REDFIELD.



**McKean County Miner**

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 4, 1906.


### LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—How are the resolutions?

—Strong, the plumber, has a new ad in this issue.

—Mrs. E. A. Riggall of Bank street is ill with typhoid fever.

—If you are interested in good lights consult the new ad of J. C. Hamlin.

—Fry & Comes have some seasonable bargains to offer in their space this week.

—Carriage heaters is the interesting subject of Holmes & Gilfillan's ad this week.

—Read the new ad of The Lindholm Co. They are telling of a January clearance sale.

—With the close of the year 1905 the office of associate judge in Potter county was abolished.

—Services in the Union church, East Smethport, Sunday afternoon at 3 p. m., subject, "Rejoicing the Lord."

—The National Protective Legion will hold its next meeting in the Odd Fellows hall next Monday evening at 8:30.

—"What Happened to Jones" is the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum next Monday evening. It is full of fun and should draw a large house.

—The Travellers' Club will meet in the Baptist church chapel Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The subject is "Current Events" with Mrs. T. A. Morrison, leader.

—Eugene Duffy, who has been agent and operator for the B., B. & K. R. R. at McKeans, has accepted a position in Allegheny and left for that place last Sunday.

—The Swedish-American Republican league of McKean county held its annual convention at Mt. Jewett last Thursday and elected officers for the ensuing year.

—A number of young people gave a dancing party at the hose house New Year's night. Chadwick's orchestra furnished the music and all had a most enjoyable time.

—Sunday morning at the Methodist Episcopal church the sermon will be on "The Naming and Embodying of the Spirit," the evening sermon will be on "Lessons from the Eternity of God."

—We are in receipt of the latest soldier song hit, "Just at the Break of Day," by Mr. Harry J. Lincoln, from the Vandersloot Music Publishing Co., of Williamsport, Pa., for which we tender our thanks.

—Mrs. W. S. Palmer of Main street entertained the Euchre Club last Thursday afternoon. Miss May Choate was awarded the prize for progressions, Miss Rachel Rubin the lone hand prize and Mrs. F. E. Baldwin of Austin the visitor's prize.

—Parents will take note of the fact that children who become six years old *before the fourth day of June* can begin going to school Monday, January 22nd. Those who have children whom they desire to send will confer a favor by informing the principal.

—County Commissioner D. A. Sunderlin of Potter county was recently found guilty on two counts for making exorbitant and illegal bridge contracts. A motion has been made for a new trial and in case it is not granted sentence will probably be imposed.

—Daniel Bacon and family have moved from the Hotel Imperial into the M. J. Welch residence on Bank street. Mr. Welch and wife are now pleasantly domiciled in the jail, where Mr. Welch will act as turnkey during the administration of Sheriff Mitchell.

—Mrs. Eliza McGowan was found dead in bed at the home of her daughter Mrs. D. M. Ogden, in Kushequa last Friday morning. She had been in poor health for some time but death was entirely unexpected. She is survived by her husband and seven children.

—Frank P. Slocum is one of the most successful insurance men in the country. A casualty company which he represents gives premiums to those who send in the greatest amount of business within a certain period. Mr. Slocum, according to a bulletin of the company, dated Dec. 28, was ahead of all competitors and as a result he will obtain a fine cash prize. It is a way he has.—Bradford Era. Mr. Slocum is a frequent visitor to Smethport and has many friends here who will be pleased to learn of his success.

—On the eighth page of this issue of the MINER will be found the big ad of "Ike" Stinson, the popular Bradford clothier. It tells of a big January clearance sale which is now being held at this store. Mr. Stinson always has bargains to offer and it will pay all to read this ad carefully.

—The Eagles of Bradford on New Year's night gave a smoker and incidentally two boxing bouts. In the preliminary Kid Crabbe won from Sledge McCarthy in the third round and in the real bout Paddy Lavin of Buffalo won from Charles McCarthy of Chicago on points after fifteen rounds.

—A large plate glass window in the front of J. E. Mundy's barber shop, which was weakened by being marked, fell yesterday afternoon and showered the street with fragments of glass. A man who had just come out of the building had a narrow escape from serious injury. The pieces fell all around him, but fortunately none of them struck him.

—"A Royal Slave," which was the attraction at the Smethport Lyceum last evening, was greeted by a large house, considering the bad weather. This is one of Gordon & Bennett's strong plays and was well presented by the cast last evening. The audience was pleased with the performance, although the cast was not quite as strong as when it was here two years ago.

—The Buffalo flyer on the Pennsylvania railroad struck a landslide near Williamsport last Saturday morning while going at high speed. The engine and two baggage cars rolled down an embankment, the engineer and fireman were quite badly injured and several of the passengers were cut and bruised. A. L. Hughes of this place was a passenger on the train enroute home from a visit to relatives but he luckily escaped injury, although he received quite a shaking up.

—Baptist church services next Sunday as usual. The pastor's morning subject will be, "Hand Guidance vs. Heart Guidance." Ordinance of the Lord's Supper follows morning worship. Bible school at noon. Junior Endeavor, Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 and evening worship at 7:30. The Masonic fraternity have been invited to this service and the subject will be, "Strength and Beauty in Character." The week of prayer is to be observed, beginning with an after meeting Sunday evening.

—Twenty years hence the boys of today will be men. They will be doctors and druggists, lawyers and liars, solicitors and sneak thieves, editors and idiots, ministers and murderers, Republicans and Democrats, and so on down the line. It is impossible to tell to a certainty in just what class your boy will be. Put him under such influence as will steer him in the right direction. Follow the boys of 12 and in 20 years some of them will be in Congress, while others will be in jail. Parents, do you know where your boy is to night and for what class he is training?—North East Breeze.

—"What Happened to Jones," a remarkable farce comedy, known throughout the breadth of the civilized world, that has entertained more people and has made more people laugh than any other play in the past twenty years, will be seen at Smethport Lyceum, Monday, Jan. 8, with the same attention to detail which characterized its original production. The cast has been selected, each and every member to fit his or her part, in fact there is not one member in the cast who has not appeared in one of the original companies. The management is proud to be able to furnish such a capable organization. The play, always popular, is playing to record business everywhere.

### "Coal Oil Johnnie" Ill.

John W. Steele, know the world over as "Coal Oil Johnnie," is dangerously sick with pneumonia at his home on the Moffett farm, at Fee, near Franklin. There is probably not a man of the oil country more widely known by reputation and possibly none less understood than he. He has figured in the most romatic tales of reckless prodigality, based upon comparatively slight foundation, and all the denials made by himself and friends and oil country writers familiar with the real facts, have had little effect in getting a hearing for him with the general public. He is 64 years of age at the present time and this fact, coupled with the severe nature of his present attack, makes his friends fear that he cannot recover.—Oil City Derrick.

### For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 115 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

WANTED—Capable hustlers to engage in the tea and coffee business. No capital required. Splendid inducements to right party. For full particulars address The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co., 35 W. Long Ave., DuBois, Pa.

Go to J. C. Hamlin's for hand sleds and skates.

Subscribe for the MINER.


**Why Suffer?**

WARREN, PA.

Phillips Drug Co.

Dear Sir:—I had been afflicted with rheumatism for 15 years and had tried every known remedy, but without any success, until I got a 50c bottle of Crocker's Rheumatic Remedy and only needed half a bottle and have not felt or suffered any pain since. Would not take one hundred dollars for the other half of the bottle if I could not get any more. It will cure. If you are suffering get a bottle at once.

M. L. AMANN,
Merchant Tailor,

For sale at L. K. Hogarth's.


### Personal Mention.

C. D. Rodgers of Ceres was in town business Tuesday.

W. J. Flaherty of Bradford, was in town Tuesday.

Alison Beam and Sidney Burdick were in Olean Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry are visiting Buffalo relatives this week.

Miss Florence McAnaney of Bradford visited friends in town this week.

Peter Lynch of Port Allegany was a pleasant caller at this office Friday.

Messrs. Neil Gleason and Harry Sasse spent New Year's with friends in Ceres.

Mrs. H. S. Rogers and children of Mt. Jewett are visiting her father, H. M. Canale.

Mrs. M. J. Williams of Ceres is visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Gleason.

Miss Theo Gifford left Monday for Williamsport where she will attend a business college.

Kenneth Mayo returned to Syracuse yesterday to resume his studies in the Syracuse University.

Mrs. H. R. Henderson was called to Angelica, N. Y., yesterday by the serious illness of a relative.

Bevier Eckart left Tuesday to resume his studies in the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia.

John Sommersgill came down from Mt. Jewett Saturday evening and passed Sunday with his family in town.

Mrs. J. K. Britton and children of Boston are guests at the home of Mrs. Britton's sister, Mrs. S. D. Weaver.

Miss Belva Gerritt returned home from Kane, where she had been passing the holidays with friends, on Tuesday.

Miss Edna Keenan, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Keenan, returned to New York City Monday.

Mrs. N. H. Knapp and daughters, Misses Fay and Marguerite, returned Tuesday from a visit to relatives in Bradford.

Mrs. F. E. Baldwin, who has been the guest of her mother, Mrs. Alice McClure, returned to her home in Austin last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mitchell and son returned to their home in Parkersburg, W. Va., Tuesday after a few days visit with relatives in town.

S. H. Cleveland left Tuesday for a business trip to Buffalo and Rochester. Mrs. Cleveland and children accompanied him to Buffalo where they will visit friends and relatives for a few days.


## LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

## Monday, Jan. 8, 1906

The Masterpiece of Farce Comedy

# What Happened To Jones

A Play That Has Made Millions Laugh.

With the strongest cast ever seen in this play, including Richard Milton, the well-known light comedian who has appeared in New York, London and all the large cities in the United States.

"It made us laugh until the tears rolled down our cheeks."—New York American.

PRICES.

25, 35, 50 and 75c.

Reserved seats on sale at H. C. Wells' Drug Store.



# QUALITY

WHEN YOU
WANT THE
BEST IN
CANNED
VEGETABLES
WE CAN
FURNISH YOU
WITH THEM.

## J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

## Happy Days for Women Who Like to Save. The January Clearance Sale is On.

The greatest three months trade this store has ever known has drawn to a close.

We count our fall and winter business (in the regular way) as over—January is the clearance month—when everything gives way to stock reductions, and to reduce stock means to greatly reduce prices.

We will make it exceedingly interesting for every woman who thinks she knows a bargain when she sees one.

This is the time of the year when the money saving shopper brings a five dollar bill to the store and goes home with ten dollars worth of merchandise. Then she tells her neighbors and friends about it and they all come to find that the offerings have been pretty well picked up and complaining that the assortments are not as big as they might be.

**Handkerchiefs**

A small lot of Ladies' fine linen embroidered goods slightly soiled. The daintiest of patterns. Regular prices 50c to $1.50.

Special 33c to $1.00.

**Laces and Embroideries**

Our complete stock of fine Laces and Embroidery Edges, Insertions, Bands & Allovers.

Special ¼ off. reg. prices.

**Shirt Waists**

A lot of Mohairs, Nuns Veiling, Albatross, Silk and Mercerized Vestings, Waists at 90c to $5.50. Special ¼ off. 60c to $3.67.

**Skirts**

All of the season's dress and walking skirts in black and colors.

Values 3.75 to 7.50

Special at 2.50 to 5.00

**Petticoats**

Several styles in black mercerized skirts in the better grades of which we have so many must change owners. Extra good values at 2.50 to 4.00

Special at 1.67 to 2.67

**Dress Goods and Silks**

Prices cut on all kinds of Dress Goods and Fancy Silks. The newest weaves are included

Special ¼ off reg. prices.

## FRY & COMES

McCALL PATTERNS 10 & 15c

ARROW COLLAR 2 for 25c



# Clark Carriage Heaters.

The more you look into the merits of Clark Carriage Heater the more you will like them. The utter absurdity of being chilly and miserable and perhaps even sick as a result of exposure now seems ridiculous. For the paltry sum of half a cent an hour a long, cold, shiver drive is turned into a pleasure.

Clark Carriage Heaters are made of solid steel covered with brussels carpet and burn compressed brick that will not give forth flame, smoke or odor but just a steady heat and lots of it. We know just what they will do and guarantee them.

## HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney T

SMETHPORT PENN'A.



## ...PRILL'S...

You get the up-to-date Goods of all Domestic and European markets.

Compare our stock with others and judge for yourself.

7 MAIN STREET **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

# An Ocean Acquaintance

By Claude Pamares

Copyright, 1903, by Homer Sprague.

The great steamer plowed its way onward, each throb of the engines bringing her nearer to the deathbed in fever. Up in the bow stood a man and a woman watching through the darkness. Plymouth would be reached early next morning. In silence the two stood gazing at the distant lights now beginning to flash out. This meant the close of the voyage, the end of a week of rare companionship.

At first the man had paid but scant heed to the slender, dark eyed woman who faced him at the long table. He was off for a rest and did not care to meet people. But something in the quiet, restrained glance attracted him a little later when he saw her on deck struggling with steamer rugs. It seemed only civil to offer his assistance.

Henceforth they fell into the way of doing together. They read and criticised each other's books and magazines, they spent much time pacing the deck, and how had come the last night at sea. She was leaving the ship at Plymouth; he was going on to Cherbourg. The man was the first to speak.

"And am I never to see you again?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"It is very unlikely."

"You mean"—he demanded.

"I mean that it is best not," was the low answer, but he bent rebelliously closer.

"Listen," he said determinedly. "I know that it is far too soon to speak, as you have known me barely a week, yet when you talk in this way—say that we shall not meet again"—

"You know nothing of me either," broke in the woman hurriedly—"who I am or whence I come."

"I know you are the loveliest and sweetest woman in the world," he said, with a stubborn frown, "and that I"—

"No, no," cried she sharply. Then she lifted her head. "I have not told you the whole truth," she said, a quiet guilt in her bearing. "I am innocent, Mrs. Raymond, and my husband is dead, but I am also Russell Bancroft's sister."

"Bancroft's—sister." He repeated the words incredulously. "Bancroft's sister." His voice betrayed only an amazed bewilderment, but the woman, sensitively alive to every intonation, heard or fancied a certain hidden repugnance beneath the surprise. Her faith fluttered; then she pulled herself together.

"So I am sure you will agree with me that any further friendship between us is impossible," she said clearly.

"Good night and goodby."

Before he could divine her intention she had stepped toward the companionway. The next moment she was gone. The man turned back to the rail. "Bancroft's sister," he said again, his eyes resting vaguely, unseeningly upon the tumbling waters. "Bancroft's sister."

Below in the narrow little cabin Mrs. Raymond threw herself upon the bunk, the heavy tears hung upon her lashes. She hated her then. She wondered at it in a dull sort of way. Yet who really could wonder that the very name of Bancroft should be distasteful to his sister? She knew the whole wretched story. The two men had been chums at school, roommates at college. She recollected the tall lad whom Russell had brought home for an occasional visit. Then had come Cortwright's engagement. The cards were out, the wedding dress finished. Bancroft was the best man. And then two days before the day set Bancroft, the trusted, the beloved friend, had died with his arm's bride, leaving a wild, incoherent note in which they pleaded their unconquerable affection.

Child as she had been, Mrs. Raymond well remembered the tremendous excitement it had stirred, her passionate sympathy for the half stunned Cortwright. But the affair slid into history, like everything else. After that Russell and his wife lived abroad. She herself had grown up, married and become a widow. Her marriage had not proved exactly a success, yet she had mourned her husband deeply and sincerely, never considering the possibility of her marrying again. Then had come this steamer acquaintance with a man singularly congenial in tastes and ideas. Her learning of his identity had been a shock. She felt that in honesty he must reveal herself. Yet every day he let pass made the task more difficult. And now what she had most feared had come to pass he shrank from the sister of his faithless friend.

The woman on the bunk started up in sudden fierceness. It was not fair. What part had she in that old deed? He must see him again—explain. She did not know exactly what to say, but the impulse carried her out into the corridor. It was not late. Perhaps he would join her again on deck.

But as she turned into the passageway which led to his door and lifted her hand to knock a swift realization of what she was about to do swept over her with an intolerable rush of shame. What! Appeal to the pity of any man? For had he truly loved her he would not have let her go.

Dominated by this reasoning, she turned and fairly ran back to her cabin. There, with bowed head, motionless save for soft, catching breaths, he waited until the steward came to call her.

It looked very cheerless in the big room. A few persons were clustered about one end of a long table. She cast a quick glance about, hardly knowing for what she hoped, but he was not there. The steward brought eggs and coffee, and she managed a cup. Then she went on deck.

The rain was dripping dismally. Here and there a light glimmered faintly through the thick mist. So that was Plymouth. The gang plank leading to the leader was steep and slippery. People moved through the dusk like disembodied spirits. It was all very gloomy and very forlorn, and despite herself she shivered.

The gang plank was pulled in. The land, huddled into a damp group on the steamer's deck, broke forth with a lively air. A man standing near by laughed.

"If one has to be awake at such an hour it is a comfort to know that no one else can sleep either," he observed grimly.

"It would be hard to sleep through that racket," assented his companion. At the voice she started violently. Was it—could it be—Cortwright? For a moment she scarcely breathed, thrilled between ecstasy and fear. Then a dark figure detached itself from the fog and came to her.

"It is you," said the voice, and this time unmistakably it was Cortwright's. "I wasn't sure at first."

"But you," gasped the woman. "Your ship—Cherbourg?"

"Hang Cherbourg," said he cheerfully. Then his voice dropped.

"Do you think that you were very kind to me awhile back?" he asked gravely. "Wasn't it rather mean to spring a surprise of that sort on a man and then run before he could recover?"

"Oh!" expostulated she weakly. This was a new view of the matter.

"I thought it was because you didn't care," he went on. "You know, you wouldn't wait, wouldn't give me a chance to speak. I thought—perhaps—anyway, I felt mighty blue when I went below. Then I found—this." She could just glimpse the tiny square of lawn that he showed her. "It lay on the carpet near my door, and it told me—it told me— Ah, sweetheart," he cried, a sudden sublimed exultation ringing through his tone, "that gave me the courage to come. It told me that perhaps you felt sorry for me; that perhaps you too cared—just a little bit—that you might listen to me. Was I wrong, dear? Will you marry me?"

The mist was drifting out to sea. The clouds had broken, and in the east appeared a glow of crimson and gold. The sun was rising in all its splendor and majesty. The rain was over. For a moment the woman gazed with wide, glad eyes at the newborn day; then she turned to meet the man's eager entreaty.

"I will marry you whenever you like," she said.

### Not a Tragedy.

They had walked halfway through the park, and suddenly she sat down on a bench. He sat beside her. They were entirely alone save for an old man at one end of their seat immersed in a book. Their agitated conversation continued:

"Oh, it is too dreadful!" she shuddered as she covered her face with her hands as if to shut out some unbearable sight.

"Fearful," he agreed, deeply moved and mopping the perspiration from his brow.

"Horrible," she added. "I cannot bear to think of it. The loss of hope, happiness, perhaps even life itself."

"Hush!" he interrupted gently. "Let us no longer think of it or it may grow to prey on our minds."

"Pardon me," said the old man on the end of the seat, his watery eyes distended in lively apprehension, "has there been some awful disaster? Have you been forced to look upon some awful tragedy?"

The young people regarded each other in some confusion. Hesitatingly the youth answered:

"No, sir. You see, we have just become engaged, and we were talking of what a calamity it would have been had we never met."

### Derivation of Fad.

The derivation of the word "fad" is possibly traceable in the Welsh language. By the law of mutation of initial consonants peculiar to that tongue the root words ffadd and medd are convertible terms. Their essential meaning is possession; transitive or intransitive, possession of something or the act of being possessed or engrossed by some occupation or vice. Welsh medd and Irish Sanskrit and English had have similar meanings and are probably kindred words. The word mad is not common in Teutonic idioms, so that the Anglo-Saxons probably borrowed it from the Welsh. Fad is therefore equally derivable from ffadd. Proximately, of course, it comes from the midland dialects and ultimately from some root word common to many members of the Aryan family of speech. It would be strange if the two words, mad and fad, having a similar meaning, should be traceable to the same root.—Notes and Queries.

### The Shrike, or Butcher Bird.

There is a strange little bird, about as big as a robin, which nearly every winter brings us. He is generally alone like a tiny black and gray hawk in many of his ways, but related truly to the gentle vireos and waxwings. He is the northern shrike, or butcher bird, and he gets a cruel living by catching mice and little birds, which he hangs on locust thorns, sharp twigs or the points of a wire fence, as his little feet, unlike the hawk's, are not strong enough to hold his prey. But he is a handsome fellow, and rarely one may hear a very sweet little song as he sits on the top of some leafless bush, particularly late in the winter. But generally he is silent, like the true birds of prey, or at best gives only a rasping squeal.—St. Nicholas.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS.

## WESTERN COWMANSHIP.

### Spectacular Exhibition of Bareback Riding on Sioux Reservation.

It was during the progress of the great festival held every year by the Sioux Indians on their reservation in South Dakota that I once had the opportunity of seeing an exhibition of bareback riding that outdid the most spectacular features of any circus ring in the world.

Midway of the prairie a cow was tied. She was fat, matronly and possessed of that dignity which bespeaks a gentle mind and simple character. About her a horde of horsemen gathered late in the afternoon. Here was something I wished to see, so I wormed my way into the press. Of all these the sands every one rides, and a footman is rare enough to cause a commotion. Let him bear a camera and he is a curiosity. Not only that, but he is in danger of being trampled by the ranks of riders, who stampede hither and you in solid phalanx; the ponies crowding till they are carried from their feet.

Patient surprise was in the dark eyes of the cow as ropes were passed around her hind—the word does not seem right—and he who would was invited to ride.

"Very tame sport," I thought as I focused, for she had gone to grazing again. When no one volunteered, I marveled. Evidently these men scorned such cripple's work, and there was a joke in it somewhere. It was a squaw's smile. At last a man dismounted, shook off hat and coat and cinched up his belt. I marveled again, for he had been pointed out as the best rider on the reservation and had hustled bronchos for Mr. Cody in most of the great cities of the world. I stood near the cow while she munched her grass and flapped a fly from her ear. Then one large and liquid eye winked. Yes, she winked at me understandingly, and I began to wonder if this was the common or garden cow of the east or if, perchance, the blood of Texas ran in her veins.

The Indian approached and leaped to her back like a cat, winding his fingers into the rope surcingle.

Never before had I seen an atavism so recognize it. That cow became a raging demon. Her eyes, narrowed to ominous steely slits, I am quite sure, her ears thrust back, and she bared her teeth in a grin of diabolic fury. The peaceful and agricultural lines of motherhood left her frame, while her architecture became that of a dragon in a fit. She swore horribly in a coarse bass voice, leaped like an antelope, wriggled like a snake, side stepped like a pugilist, and the champion bronco buster soared through the air a spread, landing between his shoulder blades with the cough of escaping breath. Eventually the beast was ridden, but a finer bit of cowmanship I have never seen nor more wonderful ground and lofty tumbling.—Rex E. Beard in Appleton's Booklovers' Magazine.

### The Happy Mallorquin.

As for the people, be it understood that a Mallorquin is no more a Spaniard than a Shetlander is a Scot. Like his Moro-Aragonese forbears, he is a lazy, ill conditioned, unenterprising sloth, with but one idea of life—that of siesta. The number of those who live by active and visible labor is astonishingly small. The first thing that strikes you on landing in Palma is that it is a place where everything long ago left off happening. Palma is as quiet as Malta is noisy, and that is saying a good deal. Food is cheap and abundant. A robber is as rare as a beggar, and life and property are perfectly secure in every corner of the island. The people, if not active in the cultivation of moral virtue, at least show a want of sympathy for that which is violent or uncharitable. Though ignorant, idle and superstitious, they are honest and inoffensive and live in the bond of peace. If a couple of common folk have a difference they straighten it out with their fists and neither is the worse.—Chambers' Journal.

### The Tongue.

The perfectly healthy tongue is clean, moist, lies loosely in the mouth, is round at the edge and has no prominent papillae. The tongue may be furred from local causes or from sympathy with the stomach, intestines or liver. The dry tongue occurs most frequently in fever and indicates a nervous prostration or depression. A white tongue is diagnostic simply of the feverish condition, with perhaps a disordered stomach. When it is moist and yellowish brown, it shows disordered digestion. Dry and brown indicates a low state of the system. When the tongue is dry and red and smooth, look out for inflammation, gastric or intestinal. When the papillae on the end of the tongue are raised and very red, we call it a strawberry tongue, and that may mean scarlet fever. A sharp, pointed red tongue will point to brain irritation or inflammation, and a yellow coating indicates liver derangement.

### [illegible] to Charity.

[illegible] one of New York's charities [illegible] gives told of the many odd [illegible] to and in subscription [illegible] are scattered about in all parts of the city.

"One day," he said, "I found in a railroad depot, he said, I found the gold settings of a necklace, a pair of earrings and five rings. They were magnificent settings, worth a deal of money. I could not help wondering what the stones, which had been roughly torn out of them, were like.

"These jewels, of course, had been stolen. The settings were given to charity by the thief. The stones themselves would be recut and sold. Around this gift was a note that said:

"'Sell for the sick. My conscience goes as far as this.'"—New York Press.

EMIL THAMM,
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars.
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

## HAPPINESS.

### The Ambition of the Seeker and Who Got Him.

In the spring a youth said: "I will attain great [illegible] I will mount to the high p[illegible] Cæsars, groveling throng, and wealth, power and happiness shall be added unto me."

In the [illegible] of the morning he strove for all these things. At high noon he had acquired wealth, and in the afternoon power and fame came to him. It was as he had said, save that he, with all the generations of men, found not happiness. There had been friendships and smiles and hand clasps and embraces, but none of these things secured for him the thing he sought.

In the evening he sat by an open grave and pondered. Wayfarers saw him there and wondered much. "He is one of the mighty of earth," they said. "He has lands and tenements and goods. He has friends and servitors and fawning sycophants about him. Though we seek in vain, he must have found happiness."

They could not know that his palaces sheltered blasted hopes, that tares grew in his gardens, that the acclaim of the mob jangled harshly in his ears. They did not see his yearning, the dead dreams within him, the ashes in his heart.

His search had ended at an open grave. He drew his mantle about him and descended into it, while the passing throng swirled by.

At last, and without his knowledge, he had found that happiness which he long had sought.—New York American.

## A POPGUN PLANT.

### Witch Hazel Shoots Its Seeds Away Ten or Fifteen Feet.

Do you know that the witch hazel shoots its seeds ten or fifteen feet? If you want a brand new sensation, bring home some branches of witch hazel having both flowers and unopened seed pods on them and put them in vases of water. The pods burst at the most unexpected times, waking you in the night and peppering you with their hard, shiny, black seeds. Branches that are to be used for a party must be selected with care to be sure of having perfectly fresh flowers and seed pods that have not opened. If it is possible to do so, cut them the same day they are needed. If they must be cut the day before they are needed, put them in a cool place in water and wrap a damp cloth around the branches in order to prevent the flowers from withering and to keep the seeds from being expelled too soon.

There will be great excitement when the seed pods open with a snap and the seeds come pattering down. It is well to rehearse this performance, for natural objects often refuse to "show off" when you want them to.—Country Life in America.

### The Fly.

The fly's capacity for crime is extended by its strength, which is relatively nearly seven times that of a horse, for it can lift twenty times its own weight. It can absorb enormous quantities of oxygen and is, in fact, a confirmed oxygen toper.

The reprehensible habit of walking upside down on the ceiling, to which the fly is addicted, is due to its habit of exuding gum from each of the 1,200 hollow hairs in its feet.

The fly, too, has an evil eye, which is divisible into several other eyes. It has also 1,700 or 1,800 parts all connected with the olfactory nerves and therefore possesses complete equipment for detecting unsound meat, such as is given to no other living creature.—Lecture of H. Hill in London.

### Novel Desert Bath.

One of the wonders of the California desert is the hot sand bath, famous from the times of the first Spanish pioneers. The surface water is only a few inches deep. Beneath is black sand, constantly in gentle motion. The bather does not touch bottom. He lazily sinks to the shoulders and with the aid of a crossbar of timber is then sustained in a position of perpendicular duration. The temperature is just as warm as can be comfortably borne, and the sensation, like that of soft massaging, is delightful.

### John Brown's Cottonwood.

One day in 1857 John Brown rode up to the Benton place, near Ellingham, Atchison county, Kan., and dismounted. He carried in his hand a switch which he had cut from a cottonwood tree. This he tossed aside, and later Mrs. Benton stuck it in the ground at the back door of her little house. It took root and grew. It is now a huge tree and is known in the neighborhood as "the John Brown cottonwood."—Atchison Globe.

### Ought to Be Happy.

Towne—I hear Marryat and his bride are no longer living at that boarding house of yours, Browne—No; they've gone to housekeeping. Towne—Ah, their home life now will bring them much closer together, no, Browne—You bet it will! They've taken a flat.—Boston Advertiser.

### Evil Enough.

There is evil enough in man, God knows. But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible and fragrant with gentleness and charity.—Dr. John Hall.

### His Place in Natural History.

"Were you a bull or a bear?" asked an acquaintance of a speculator.

"Neither," he replied. "I was an ass."

Sheik Saadi, the Persian philosopher and poet, said, "Ten dervishes can dwell in peace on one rug, but two princes cannot live in one empire."

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New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

## TREE PLANTING.

### Some Valuable Pointers That Are Well Worth Remembering.

First cut off smoothly the broken root ends which are over half an inch in diameter; head from the top if it cannot be easily reached from the ground after planting. With an axe or other tool cut back severely, removing the middles of buds 60 per cent to 80 per cent. If the leader has not, cut a tree later forms two leaders, which are apt to split the trunk in the tree.

After the hole has been prepared it should be partly refilled, so that the trees are placed [illegible] Spread the roots out straight. Work fine, [illegible] all under the center of the tree. In the case of [illegible] it may be [illegible] can be [illegible] No [illegible] first one or [illegible] stand [illegible] earth firmly around the roots. Packing the earth firmly around the roots will hold it in position in most instances.

Watering [illegible] planted trees is rarely necessary, as the ground will generally have sufficient moisture.—Garden Magazine.

### Blind Man and Smoking.

"Why is it that a blind man never smokes?" asked Smith the other day.

"Because he would not know whether he was puffing on a lighted cigar or an unlighted one," replied Jones. "If a man shuts his eyes he can't tell whether he is smoking or not, unless he inhales his smoke. The inhaler is generally able to feel it passing through the double flues of his chimney nose. But I have seen the experiment made of blindfolding a smoker who doesn't inhale and then placing a lighted and an unlighted cigar in his mouth alternately. He was never able to say when he was smoking. He was absolutely unconscious of the cloud of blue vapor that was blown from his mouth when he had the lighted Havana between his teeth. A man has to see it in order to enjoy a smoke."

### Where the Crows Eat Mistletoe.

A Worcestershire farmer will take down his gun and give it to the boy that has arrived first after the New Year. This, it is said, will bring [illegible] the entire dairy.

## Church Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant-Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Calkins, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—S. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Giffilan, Kane; A. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Devine, Mt. Jewett.
Comm'rs' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Bixford, and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; A. J. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. R. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdett S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Wm. Lynn Hyde, secretary; Alfred Ingberg, Wm. McKean, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Berriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—R. K. Capp, R. C. Gibson.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sherman Gerton, sec'y; W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Cudlip, A. H. Liddell.
Judge of Election—G. H. Lyon.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

## Fraternal Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd. degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STRONG, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 223, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BAUGHER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 317, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 97, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KINDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOPPER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
Mrs. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
Miss MAY CHOATE, W. M.
Mrs. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

## Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

*Episcopal.*—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

*All Saint's Memorial Chapel.*—East Smethport.—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

*St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.*—Pastor, Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD

Time Table—Taking effect Nov 24, 1895

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:30 a m week days.

For Jamestown, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:03 p m week days.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.

GEO. W. BOYD, Asst'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in effect April 2nd, 1905. Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday, at 7:00 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.

| | a. m. | p. m. | p. m. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Arrive: | | | |
| Bradford | 8:30 | 1:30 | 6:45 |
| Mt. Jewett | 8:45 | 1:45 | 7:15 |
| Kane | 9:25 | 2:50 | 8:55 |
| Leave | a. m. | p. m. | p. m. |
| Bradford | 7:40 | 1:35 | 4:35 |
| Kane | 7:00 | 12:45 | 4:00 |
| Mt. Jewett | 7:41 | 12:26 | 5:06 |
| | | a. m. | |

Arriving at Smethport at 8:30 a. m., 1:00 p. m. and 5:30 p. m.

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.

A. B. CANFIELD, Genl. Supt. Bradford.
R. S. BYLLES, Gen. Pass. Agt.

The Pittsburg Newmarket & Northern

Effective Nov. 20, 1905

MAIN LINE.

| P M | P M | A M | | A M | P M | A M |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 6:55 | 8:10 | | Hornellsville | 10:30 | 5:50 | |
| 6:30 | 7:50 | | Arkport | 9:25 | 5:18 | |
| | | | Lv Ar | | | |
| 6:17 | 7:30 | | Hornell-ville Jc | 9:14 | 5:07 | |
| 6:04 | 8:12 | | Canisteo | 9:07 | 5:00 | |
| 6:00 | 7:48 | | Garwood | 9:02 | 4:55 | |
| 7:19 | 8:30 | | Swains | 8:48 | 6:16 | |
| 7:28 | 9:17 | | Hillsdale | 8:29 | 4:07 | |
| 8:30 | 9:30 | | Angelica | 8:05 | 4:33 | |
| 8:20 | 10:25 | | Friendship | 7:30 | 3:58 | |
| 8:40 | 10:45 | | Belfast | 7:16 | 3:28 | |
| 5:40 | 11:30 | | Olean | | 2:32 | 10:23 |
| 6:17 | | | Eldred | | | 9:36 |
| 6:30 | | | Larabee | | | 9:28 |
| 7:18 | | | Smethport | | | 9:10 |
| 8:00 | | | Mt. Jewett | | | 8:10 |
| 9:30 | 1:50 | | St. Marys | A 12:30 | | 1:0:20 |
| | 10:05 | | Shawmut | | | 2:11 |
| | A 10:45 | | Frankyrville | | | 11:36 |
| P M | P M | A M | | A M | P M | A M |

Hornellsville and Wayland Branch

| P M | A M | A M | | A M | P M | P M |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 3:30 | 11:30 | 7:20 | Wayland | A 10:55 | 5:02 | 6:58 |
| 3:40 | 11:06 | 7:30 | Rockwell | 10:39 | 4:50 | 6:52 |
| 3:45 | 11:13 | 7:35 | Rexville | 10:32 | 4:40 | 6:45 |
| 3:47 | 11:17 | 7:36 | Stony Brook Glen | 10:18 | 4:35 | 6:41 |
| 4:00 | 11:30 | 7:49 | Hornellsville Jc | 10:06 | 4:37 | 6:20 |
| | | | Lv Ar | | | |
| 4:11 | 11:41 | 7:40 | Arkport | 9:56 | 4:23 | 6:17 |
| 4:22 | 11:57 | 8:00 | Hornellsville | 10:41 | 4:10 | 6:04 |
| P M | A M | A M | | A M | P M | P M |

All trains daily except Sunday.

Flag stations—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa.
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

| Ar. Eastward | | STATIONS. | Lv Westward | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | Ar | Dp | A.M. | P.M. | A.M. |
| 8.05 | 7.25 | 2.10 | Ulysses | 7.20 | 2.25 | 9.15 |
| 7.50 | 6.52 | 2.10 | Crowell | 7.47 | 2.32 | 9.10 |
| 7.46 | o | 1.57 | Carpenter | o | 2.34 | o |
| 7.40 | 6.48 | 1.53 | Perkins | 7.32 | 2.37 | 9.40 |
| 7.37 | 6.45 | 1.50 | New'd June | 7.37 | 2.42 | 9.34 |
| o | o | 1.45 | Newfield | 7.41 | 2.46 | o |
| 7.05 | 6.36 | 1.41 | Gold | 7.44 | 2.49 | 9.46 |
| 7.00 | 6.30 | 1.35 | Raymond | 7.49 | 2.45 | 9.5 |
| 6.45 | 6.21 | 1.24 | Seven Bdg's | 8.01 | 3.08 | 10.02 |
| 6.40 | 6.17 | 1.20 | Colesburg | 8.04 | 3.09 | 10.10 |
| 6.25 | 6.10 | 1.12 | Frinks | 8.12 | 3.17 | 10.20 |
| 6.15 | o | 1.05 | N. Coudsp't | o | 3.26 | 10.35 |
| 6.10 | 6.05 | 1.00 | Dp. Ar. | 8.28 | 3.30 | 10.45 |
| A.M. | A.M. | P.M. | Coudersport | | | P.M |
| 4.20 | 2.45 | 12.15 | Ar. | Dp. | 8.28 | 6.00 | 1.25 |
| o | o | 12.13 | Hammond | o | o | o |
| 4.05 | 7.35 | 12.09 | Olmsted | 8.31 | 6.05 | 1.31 |
| 3.50 | 7.35 | 12.05 | Mina | 8.37 | 6.10 | 1.37 |
| 3.45 | o | 11.59 | Knowlton | o | 6.17 | o |
| 3.40 | 7.25 | 11.55 | Roulette | 8.47 | 6.21 | 1.51 |
| 3.30 | 7.16 | 11.47 | Burtville | 8.54 | 6.28 | 2.03 |
| 3.23 | o | 11.41 | Coleman | o | 6.34 | o |
| 3.20 | o | o | Chem. Wks | o | o | o |
| 3.15 | 7.05 | 11.36 | Pt. Allegany | 9.08 | 6.40 | 2.25 |
| P.M. | P.M. | A.M. | Dp | Ar | A.M. | P.M. | P.M. |

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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# A COMEDY of ACCIDENTS

By FRANK H. SWEET

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When the breeze is just strong enough to fill a sail without flattening and the sun discreet enough to brim the summer girl's cup of enjoyment to the verge of color and tan there is no place superior to the shore waters of Nantucket. If Blanche Wilmot and Tom Howard did not think so in stereotyped form as they tacked out from the hotel dock it was all in the vivacity of their eyes and voices and motions.

"Now, you trim the sail, while I do the rudder," cried Blanche, "and which is port and starboard, so I can call out, and what is down bridge? Susie Mills is forever telling me about their down bridges' when they go sailing, and she says it's such fun. And hailing out—can't we hail out, Mr. Howard? We only stay a month at Nantucket, and I want to learn it all so I can talk too."

"Mr. Howard," scornfully. "I'm Tom and you're Blanche. Weren't we properly introduced at the *breakfast table, not an hour ago*, and didn't that Susie Mills of yours ever mention that Nantucket has no frills? No one can like 'down bridges' and preserve dignity."

"No," doubtfully. "Susie didn't speak of that—Tom, but what is it, and the rest?"

"Oh, just ducking your head to keep from being knocked overboard by the boom when it swings around. It's anything but fun, I can tell you, Blanche. Some fourteen ago forever tacking when they're in narrow channels and that keeps the boom swinging like a pendulum. And hailing—that's when a boat looks. You can drink your share not to have any of that."

"Pshaw! You're no true sailor," disgustedly. "I'd just love for the boat to leak. Couldn't we snag something or cut a rock or strain a seam so she would spring a leak? It would be so salty, you know. But you didn't explain port."

"Oh, that—that's the side one turns out when the sails [illegible] maybe it's the other side. I'm not quite sure just now. But any way we won't need it. They say that and starboard in battles, you know, which they're going on board ever minutes. But look out! Stay, we will spring a leak sure if you can't keep [illegible]."

"Well, how could I help it?" Blanche retorted, with a flash of [illegible]

"YOU—WRETCH! ARE YOU THOMAS DE FOLKSTONE HOWARD?"

couldn't listen to you and trim the rud—I mean do you rudder—at the same time. Sailors always look at the sky and things and meditate. Now, how shall we get off? The boat spins round like hobbyhorses turning on a pole. I'll bet folks are looking at us from the hotel and laughing."

Tom gazed into the water speculatively.

"I suppose I could get out and push off," he said suggestively. "It isn't over three or four feet deep. But it'll get awfully wet."

"Then you sit right there and hold on for your life!" cried Blanche with cringly as she sprang to her feet. "I'll jump overboard myself and push off. I'd just love to get wet. I—well," as Tom splashed into the water, "if you will do it. You're slow for emergencies, but I think you'll be susceptible to treatment. Now," as the boat was slid off the rock, almost causing her to lose her balance, and Tom clambered dripping on board, "suppose you trim—do the rudder awhile and let me trim sail. I want to learn it all."

"Crazy!" growled Tom as he edged by her to the cockpit and grasped the rudder. "I could have pushed off with an oar just as well and saved this wetting—if I'd thought. Luff a little, Blanche."

"Let's see"—sweetly—"that has to be done with the rudder, doesn't it, Tom?"

"Oh, well, maybe it does"—irritably—"but you'd be owlish if you had streams of water coursing down your back and flooding your shoes. And we're right in front of the hotel. Likely 499 out of the 500 guests are looking at us and making remarks." He was silent for some moments and then added, "And I bragged a whole lot to some of the fellows about my—my saltiness."

"Poor Tom," laughed Blanche. "But I'm in the same boat. My talk was horribly salty this morning. I'm afraid we're in for general congratulations when we get back."

Tom groaned, kicked the water from his shoes, then laughed.

"Only" a month, did you say, Blanche?" he asked.

"That's all. And papa made a whole lot of trouble about that. He doesn't like the seashore a bit and only gave in when I promised to be a *good* girl and consider his wishes in the fall. You see, I'm escaping, and I wanted to get just as far away as possible in hope of making it permanent."

"Queer," quoth Tom; "I'm escaping too. Only mine's to be all summer. And I'm studying how to make the thing permanent."

Blanche looked interested.

"What's your trouble," she asked—"a girl?"

"Yes. Money in two families. Got to be united. All cut and dried without consulting me."

"Why don't you jump overboard, as you did just now?"

"That's what I'm thinking of. But it means disinheritance, and I've never earned a cent in my life. It's something that calls for mental struggle through silent watches of the night."

"Is the girl nice looking?"

"Never saw her. But how is it with you?"

"Just the same. Money, money, money, and I never saw the man either."

Tom leaned forward, his eyes shining.

"Look here, Blanche," he cried, "let's elope. That'll settle the whole thing for both of us."

"Why, Tom Howard!" in dismay. "We haven't known each other two hours yet."

"What of it?" boldly. "We both like the water, don't we? And we've got to do something."

"But, get married, after two hours, and not know a thing about each other?"

"Well, tomorrow. It make twenty-four hours more, and a month will be thirty whole days. And we'll be out every day boating and talking. Isn't that enough?"

Blanche drew a long breath.

"I don't know," she answered doubtfully. "We'll see. But I wish the other Howard—mine, you know—had a little more of your brass. I wouldn't so much mind him then. But T. de Folkstone Howard! Pah! It makes me think of a dancing master."

Tom turned red and then purple, but the last was with laughter, held back.

"So the other fellow is a Howard too," he choked, "and T. de Folkstone? What a end! But don't you suppose that might be the adolescence at college days, Blanche, to be outgrown? Why, I once heard of a girl who handed at Wellesley as B. Ohalys Cleinda Wilmot. Don't you think that a name to run away from?"

"You wretch! Are you Thomas de Folkstone Howard?"

"Guilty, with no extenuating circumstances."

Blanche seized, bit her lip, then sank weakly upon a thwart.

"Tom," she said faintly, "let's go in now, before anything more happens. I've had all I can stand today. To-morrow we will start again."

### Catherine's Generals.

The soldiers to whom Catherine was indebted for the glory of the Russian arms included Rumiantsoff, the conqueror of Kagoul; the savage Kamienski, who would bite pieces of flesh out of his men at the maneuvers and who stripped his prisoners in 30 degrees of cold and dashed cold water over them until they were literally frozen; the Prince of Nassau-Siegen, who was beaten by Gustavus of Sweden at Svenskund; Joseph Ribas, upon whom was written the unusual epitaph that "by his own wits he became a good general, an excellent diplomat and even an honest man," and, most famous of all, Suvorof, or Suwarrow. This celebrated general, who figures inaccurately in Byron's "Don Juan," was never defeated in the field. He was short of stature, being only five feet four inches in height. Suvorof was idolized by his soldiers. He had implicit faith in his star, his conceit was unbounded, and he behaved sometimes like a raving lunatic. He would come out of his tent stark naked and turn somersaults on the grass. His other eccentricities were equally amazing. At times apparently humane and averse to the shedding of blood, on other occasions he sanctioned the most awful massacres. It was his deliberate conviction that there were only three great generals in the history of modern warfare—Turenne, Laudon and Suvorof.

### Broken Gently.

The cashier of a certain firm had absconded and the staff of clerks were deciding on a fit and proper person to acquaint the head of the firm of the fact on his arrival.

Ultimately the matter was left in the hands of the head clerk, possibly because none of the others cared to undertake the responsibility.

There had been a dog fight in the street, and a small crowd was just dispersing as the chief's carriage dashed up.

"What's that crowd after, Jorkins?" demanded the head of the firm.

The chief clerk thought he recognized a chance of breaking the news gently and seized it.

"The vacancy, sir," he replied.

"Vacancy? What vacancy?"

"Cashier, sir."

"But we want no cashier, Jorkins."

"Beg pardon, sir, but we've a vacancy for one!"

"Jorkins, are you mad?"

"No, sir. That is, sir, I don't know, sir. Fact is, sir, all the cash is gone, and—and"—

"Well?"

"The cashier's gone with it, sir!"

From the way the old man took it the clerk thought he might just as well have blurted it out at the start.—London Tit-Bits.

## EARTHQUAKES.

### Cause of the Disturbances One of the World's Mysteries.

The *nicely* delicate instruments with which the seismologists—the scientific investigators of earthquake phenomena—now record and measure the movements within the earth's structure have revealed the fact that the "firm foundations" of Mother Earth are not firm at all; that tremors of some sort are of daily and hourly occurrence and that it is only when the disturbance reaches some degree of violence that it can be dignified with serious attention. As the vibrations in the earth's structure are transmitted through the earth instead of around its circumference and as they traverse great distances, the center of disturbance may be many miles away, deep in the rocky framework of our planet.

Accurate observations, such as those made with the seismograph and other instruments, of the time, direction and amplitude of the vibrations enable the investigators to fix with a considerable degree of accuracy the point of the disturbance. The general run of earthquakes may be classed as either volcanic in their origin or as due to slips or fractures in the earth's crust, the result of stress. By far the greater number belong to the latter class, those due to volcanic upheavals being, as a rule, somewhat limited in their intensity and area. On the other hand, the earthquakes due to the breaking of earth strata in regions of the earth where there is great diversity in the surface, as in the vast ocean deeps or in those places on the land where the crust is rumed up to form great mountain ranges, are far more numerous and destructive.

The causes of earthquakes are bound up to a large extent with the unsolved mysteries of this globe upon which we dwell, and until we shall be able to explore deeper into the interior than we have yet penetrated we must be content with the inductive reasoning of the scientists. The volcanic causes are obvious enough, just as the railroads and iron mills set up so great a tremor in the surrounding instruments of the astronomer and physicist whose station happens to be near them, so the vast steam explosions which occasionally occur in volcanic mountains create great waves in the earth's crust, modified by the nature of earth strata.

The large area is found to exist in the readjustments in the earth's crust which are constantly going on as a result of changing conditions of pressure. Such pressure in turn may be accounted for by contraction as the cooling process goes on, by the gradual denudation of the continents, by the natural processes of nature or by the shifting of the antisphere envelope. The stresses and strains in the convoluted and twisted strata of rocks which make up the earth's crust must be at times vast beyond the power of the human mind to imagine. When the inevitable slips and breaks occur near the surface, whether on the land or in the oceanic deeps, the effect cannot but be stupendous. The alterations in the surface are often astounding, appalling consequences to mankind—the outright destruction of their habitations either by the mere violence of the vibrations or by the engulfing power of the waves set in motion if the break happen to be beneath the sea.

Happily for us, the vast majority of the changes are deep in the crust and possess but slight significance for the dwellers on the surface.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Southland Superstition.

Caithness (Gaelic, "Gallabh") Cat teynes, the Land of the Strenger, and Suderland, the Southland, are steeped in strange superstitions, some traceable to Norse, others to Celtic influence. The lone, wind swept home of the clan of the Cats, with its miles of moorland and peat fields, its bold, rocky coast, with Sutherland, and the groups of islands to the north are in a peculiar sense the home of folklore, legend, myth and peasant wisdom. To this day the older members of the fishing community take off their bonnets as they row past the head of Whailagoe and thus express in their simple way the deep reverence which they feel for the "great mither" on whose breast they are tossed.

The lassies of Freswick dress their hair before sunrise on pain of causing their sweethearts to be lashed with these silken tresses by the evil kelpies of the pool. The farmer of today lights the bonfire at midnight on New Year's eve and passes his key through the flames to secure them from disease, while the herd boys jump over the flaming peats for good luck. Changeling children are regarded with the same awe as of old, and witches, elfins and sprites can, it is said, be discerned around the Maiden Paps weaving the threads of fate.—Scottish Review.

### Scotch Humor.

An artist is busy at his easel by the wayside. A rustic is looking over his shoulder in the free manner of the independent Scot. A brother rustic is in a field near by with his hands in his pockets. He is uncertain whether it is worth while to take the trouble to mount the dike for the uncertain pleasure of looking at the picture. "What is he doing, Jock?" asks he in the field of his better situated mate. "Drawin' wi' pent!" returns Jock over his shoulder. "Is 't bonny?" again asks the son of toil in the field. "Ocht, but bonny!" comes back the prompt and decided answer of the critic. Of considerations for the artist's feeling there is not a trace, yet both of these rustics will appreciatively relate the incident on coming in from the field and washing themselves with this rider: "An he didna look ower weel pleased, I can tell ye! Did he, Jock?"

# Giving Him a Show

By C. B. LEWIS

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There were only thirty days between his graduating at West Point and his arrival at Fort Concho, and he was only a boy of twenty-one at that. Things were at loose ends at the fort. The colonel was away on leave with three or four other officers, there was much sickness among the troops, and the hundred infantrymen able to do duty were all in a state of mutiny owing to a general laxity of discipline and the fact that they had not been paid off for four months. The arrival of the new lieutenant under the circumstances created a sensation.

Roy Ellsworth had been assigned to Company B, and he soon discovered that his captain was paying more attention to whisky and poker than to discipline and that the worst men in the fort seemed to be members of his company. He was told to go in and straighten the men out, but his first move showed him that he had his hands full. They were sullen, unkempt and disobedient, and the young officer found himself almost helpless. He should have been loyally backed by the non-commissioned officers, but, aside from the orderly sergeant, none gave him open support. Indeed, the ringleader appeared to be the second sergeant, and after a few days it was realized that until his influence was removed no improvement in the morale of the company need be looked for.

"I wouldn't fret over it," replied the easy going captain when complaint was made to him. "We've got plenty with the Indians, the weather is infernally hot, and the men are short of rations and pay. Let them take things easy for a while. They'll be feeling better by and by."

That was the Fort Concho way that summer, but it was not what the young officer had been taught at West Point. The men knew that they had him at a disadvantage, and they made things as unpleasant as they could. They were sent to the guardhouse by the half dozen, only to be released next morning on their return to the conviction that the officer had misunderstood them. Things went along in a bad way for a month.

*Thompson*," said the officer one day to the second sergeant, "I want you to take a walk with me down by the river. I want to have a little talk with you."

"All right," was the reply, without a "sir" or a "sir."

When the two were out of sight of the barracks and lieutenants the lieutenant halted and began to remove his coat and cap. The sergeant watched him for a couple of minutes and then queried:

"Well, what is it?"

"If you wish to remove any of your clothing do it now. I have been told a hundred times over that West Point gallops don't go here, and now I'm going to find out the reason why. You appear to be the leader, and it has become a question which of us is going to run things."

"Is it to be a scrapping match?"

"It is."

"But I shall be court martialed and imprisoned for striking an officer."

"Not at all. I promise to make no complaint against you and I presume half the company is hiding behind the stables over there and will be your witnesses. Strip off."

"I shall beat you, sir."

"Oh, you have got a 'sir' out at last, have you? Perhaps you will continue to improve. If you beat me there will be no complaint. Are you ready?"

The thirty or forty members of Company E who saw that scrap from a distance will talk about it all their lives. The sergeant was the taller and heavier, and he was a self taught boxer who thought he knew all the tricks. Encouraged by the lieutenant, he did his best, but at the end of a quarter of an hour he was knocked out and had to be carried to his quarters. The first thing his comrades did was to swear each other to secrecy. It had been a square fight and the best man had won. On his side the officer said nothing, and no report was made to captain or commander.

"Say," said the defeated champion when he got on his feet again, "the boy is game and shall have a square deal. We want to quit making him trouble and give him a show."

There was immediate improvement in the morale of Company E, and things moved more satisfactorily for the next fortnight. Then the wood choppers went out under guard to get a new supply of fuel among the hills three miles away. The guard was composed of ten men, and the boy from West Point was in charge, with Sergeant Thompson as second. There was peace in the land, and when the wagons had reached the hills every man laid aside his musket and took up an ax.

The officer had received no instructions. He had not been told that a treaty or a truce with the Indians was only a matter of hours, and for all he knew the outfit was unarmed. He found a spot from which he could overlook the work, and for an hour all went well. Then there was a sudden alarm. A band of thirty warriors crept up and opened fire, and a teamster and his four mules were killed by the volley.

The attack came so suddenly that the boy officer lost his head. He issued commands and countermanded them and put his men in just the wrong position to make defense. It was the sergeant who cut in on him and straightened things out, and after two men had been wounded the little command was well in hand and fighting for its life. The [illegible] movement. [illegible] command, but he [illegible] that they had [illegible] They [illegible] in their place, and the fight was [illegible] and then the lieutenant would have had a retreat on the fort. The sergeant countermanded the order, and at the end of a quarter of an hour the baffled Indians withdrew. When it was known that they had withdrawn the West Pointer seemed to come to himself and realize that success was due to another, and he stepped aside and raised the revolver he had just refunded.

"Here—what's this?" exclaimed the sergeant as he caught the weapon.

"I—I'm a disgraced man," was the hoarse answer. "I got rattled. I issued wrong commands. But for you it would have been a wipe out."

"Put up that gun, lieutenant, and don't get crazy notions into your head. It's one of the hottest days we've had this summer. I was noticing you just before we got the alarm. The heat was affecting you. You are not used to this climate. Boys, come here!"

When the men had come forward he continued:

"Wasn't it pretty nigh a case of sunstroke with the lieutenant?"

"It was," they answered in chorus.

"But didn't he order us down behind the logs at once?"

"He did."

"Wouldn't the teamster have been all right if he had taken cover instead of trying to get away with his mules?"

"Aye, he would."

"But when I ordered you to fall back on the *fort*"—groaned the boy.

"You never ordered it."

"But when the Indians tried to rank us?"

"They didn't try it, we kept them too busy."

"Men," said the officer as he looked them over in a puzzled way, "was I rattled? For God's sake, tell me the truth!"

"No, sir—for a minute you were a bit dazed, but that was the sun's work."

"And I gave you the right orders? I didn't blunder?"

"Not a bit of it, sir. If you had been an old vet and you couldn't have done better."

"I thought I thought"—

"It was a great fight, sir. They were three to one, but we killed four of them and drove the rest like sheep. Now, then, boys, three cheers and a tiger for our fully boy officer!"

The lieutenant sat down on the ground and wept. He thought he had blundered and disgraced himself and ended his career, but he had won honors instead.

And when they had gathered up their dead and wounded, and were wending their way toward the fort Sergeant Thompson looked from man to man with a queer look in his eyes, but a look that each one understood and nodded his head in reply.

### A Cheerful Liar.

"Speaking of liars," said the truthful man, "I ran across one the other day who deserved the prize. The conversation had turned on gambling, and, as usual, every man had some story of wonderful luck. Then the modern Ananias butted in. 'It was in El Paso some years ago,' he said. 'I was younger in those days and gambled quite a bit. If I won I broke it was all right, but if I lost I scanned the whole pile. I strolled into a gambling house one night, walked to the roulette table and placed a ten dollar bill on No. 17, expecting, of course, to lose. The ball dropped in the No. 17 division, but I let the money remain on No. 17. Seventeen came a second time, but still I refused to pull my money down. It came a third time. Then I got cold feet and cashed in.' 'How much did you win?' I asked. 'Oh, I don't remember exactly,' he replied, 'but I came near breaking the bank.' I grabbed a pencil and a piece of paper and figured out that our friend had won $5,625,000, but it was not till I showed him the figures that he hedged."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Real Thinking Birds.

As a rule tree building birds do not adopt any particular protective measures for their nest, though some of them, by choosing a fork of a branch close to the stem, seem to shun observation. Very remarkable, therefore, is the story of the chaffinch and its nest in a red May bush. No special care was taken while the bush was only in leaf, but so soon as it began to put forth crimson blossoms the clever little builders added a piece or two of red Berlin wool in the only spot where their nest could be seen from below and thus effectually masked it to any but the most searching eye. It was established beyond question that no such red patch formed part of the original design, which would necessarily have attracted notice among the fresh green leaves, so that it is evident that instinct near akin to reason led to this clever protective device.—London Telegraph.

### Some Nature Hints.

There was a tender light on the girl's face as she stood looking at the sunset. The young man who was supposed to be enjoying the view with her, but who was in reality lost in rapturous contemplation of her, almost feared to breathe lest he should disturb the ecstasy of the moment for her. By and by she sighed a deep sigh of utter contentment and turned to him.

"Thank you so much for bringing me to this lovely place," she said. "I know now exactly what shade of blue goes with crimson, and I have the plan of a stunning afternoon gown in my mind."

## AN ANCIENT VOLUME.

### Old Playbook of Jefferson's Grandfather Rescued From Scrap Heap.

Before me lies an old [illegible] rescued from the scrap heap of a dealer. It contains three small plays hand stitched with coarse [illegible] thread—"The Emperor of the Moon, as performed at the Patagonian Theater, London;" "Damon and Pillius, with the Musick prefix'd to each Song," and "English Readings, or Comic Pieces in one Act." They are dated 1777, 17[illegible] and 1787. On the frontispiece of each playlet is inscribed a signature—J. Jefferson. The autographs have so nearly faded into the yellow dimness of the time stained paper that it is not possible they could have been written by the genial comedian of our day. Each signature is evidently as old as the book itself.

One day, curious as to the ownership of the little volume, I submitted it to the late Joseph Jefferson. He turned the yellowed pages slowly and with much interest, studying attentively the autograph inscribed here and there through the book.

"It is undoubtedly," he said, "a gray volume from the library of my grandfather. Like my own library, it was bound to have many playbooks in it. He may have used it in London and brought it with him when he came to America in 1797. The playbills of those days abounded in a medley of short pieces such as you find in this little volume. What interests me most, however, is the curious likeness I find in the autograph of my grandfather to my own writing. The characters are smaller, and some letters are unlike. Still there is a family resemblance, something like that handed down in face and figure."—Lippincott's Magazine.

## A CAT'S AMUSING TRICK.

### Puss Found a Way to Keep Her Appointments.

"My cat," says a writer in the Chicago Tribune, "is twelve years old and an ordinary tabby. Since it was delicate as a kitten I always let it sleep in the kitchen on the ground floor, from which a large window overlooks a yard. In this window is one pane which opens separately by means of a latch.

"When it was about two years old the cat, no doubt finding the night long, taught itself to open this pane and get out through it. At first when the cook told me about it I was incredulous, knowing that servants have a way of making the cat responsible for any little negligence of their own, but as the window was found open every morning I was bound to believe it. Since then I have seen the cat do the trick a hundred times, for, once it knew that we had discovered it at it, it no longer made a secret of it. Its way of doing it was to jump upon the inner window sill, push the latch upward with the tip of its nose and pull the frame back with its paw. It did this as easily as a human being would do it with the hand.

"The most amusing part is that one of this cat's descendants, perceiving that its mother knew the secret of getting outside, taught itself the same trick in quite a short time. This kitten opened any sideboard or cupboard in which the key had not been turned by pulling the door toward it with the greatest dexterity."

### The Seal's Sense of Smell.

The sense of smell possessed by the seals is very strong and will invariably wake them out of a sound sleep, even if you come upon them ever so quietly to the windward, and you will alarm them in this way much more thoroughly, though you be a half mile distant, than if you came up carelessly from the leeward and even walked in among them, they seeming to feel that you are not different from one of their own species until they smell you. The chief attraction in these animals is their large, handsome eyes, which indicate great intelligence. They are a deep bluish black, with a soft, glistening appearance, and the pupil, like the cat's, is capable of great dilation and contraction.

### Curious Manx Custom.

On July 5 every year all the officials of the Isle of Man, including the clergy in their surplices, walk to the top of Tynwald Hill, and from the top of it the laws made during the year are promulgated in Manx and English. This promulgation of the laws on Tynwald hill is as necessary as the royal assent to the validity of all laws passed by the Manx legislature. This is one of the many relics which the old Norse men left behind, and it dates so far back that its origin is lost in the mists of antiquity.—Liverpool Mercury.

### Getting It Right.

A schoolteacher instructing her classes in grammar wrote this sentence on the board for correction: "The horse and the cow is in the lot." No one seemed to know what was wrong with it till at last a polite little boy raised his hand. "What is it, Johnny?" asked the teacher. "You should put the lady first," corrected Johnny.

### Logic.

"Now, then," thundered the temperance orator, "what causes most of the crime in this world? Drink! And what causes drink?"

"Thirst!" cried a voice in the rear of the hall.—Philadelphia Press.

### The Simple Life.

"To what extent do you believe in the simple life?"

"By never indulging in those things that you do not care for."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Roman censors often fined bachelors, and men of full age were required to marry.


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## CONVERTED HANNA.

**Editor Cowles Taught Him a Lesson In Pocket Picking.**

Edwin Cowles, long editor of the Cleveland Leader, numbered among his accomplishments that of pocket picking. Of course he picked pockets as an amateur only, but it is doubtful whether there ever was a professional who could play the light fingered game more skillfully than the able editor did occasionally for fun.

It was during the administration of a mayor who had been elected as a protege of M. A. Hanna, who was then starting in Cleveland upon the political career which gave him national prominence, that the Leader began a crusade against vice. Articles were published daily in which it was asserted that the city was full of thieves, gamblers and other crooks, and the mayor was taken severely to task for not having them driven away. Hanna, being the power behind the municipal throne, came in for censure in an indirect way, and, meeting Cowles in the street one day, he expostulated with him concerning the Leader's style of warfare.

"Look here, Cowles," he said, "what's the use of all this racket? You're making a mountain out of a molehill. There are no more crooks in town than there have been right along. And it would be fool talk to expect any mayor to drive all the lawbreakers out, no matter how hard he tried or how good his intentions might be."

Cowles insisted that his paper was right, and he expressed the belief that there were then more pickpockets in Cleveland than had ever before infested that city.

"Pickpockets!" snorted Hanna. "I don't believe there's a pickpocket in the town. And, anyway, I have no sympathy for anybody whose pockets are picked. No one but a jay could ever be robbed in that way."

"You don't know," said Cowles, "how skillful some of these light fingered fellows become. It would be possible for one of them to go through your pockets while talking to you as I am now."

Hanna laughed derisively and said any pickpocket that ever got a hand in his clothes without being caught at it was welcome to anything he could extract.

As they were parting Cowles turned to ask what time it was, and Hanna felt for his watch.

It was gone.

"That's strange," he said. "I guess I must have forgotten when I dressed this morning. I put it in my pocket."

"Speaking of forgetting things," Cowles answered, "I forgot my wallet when I left home. Could you lend me $10?"

Hanna felt for his money, but found none. He put his hands into one empty pocket after another and was beginning to look sheepish when Cowles handed him back his watch, his money, his keys and a bundle of letters.

"Very well, Cowles," said the future senator; "I'll see what can be done about driving the pickpockets away."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A sign of a happy marriage. When a man says his wife spoils him.

Did you ever think how much trouble was caused in this world by blabbing?

It sometimes happens that in getting out of a rut a man finds himself in a hole.

A family row is as bad as a church row, but the limit is reached when they are mixed up.

This is as true as gospel: If you make a visit longer than a couple of days, your left ear will burn after you go home.

One of the great wonders to a man is the number of interruptions a woman can endure while eating a meal without noticing it.

When a crime is committed, suspicion turns quicker to those who once loved the victim than to those who once hated him.—Atchison Globe.

**An Interregnum.**

When President Hadley succeeded the learned and witty Timothy Dwight as president of Yale university the exercises attendant upon the transfer of authority were marred by a heavy fall of rain. It came down suddenly just as a column of people, President Dwight and Professor Hadley at the head, were crossing the campus. Some one handed the couple an umbrella, and Professor Hadley was about to open it when the older man took it from him, saying as he unfolded it:

"Let me carry it, professor. Your reign will begin tomorrow."

**Kindness.**

Do not be afraid of spoiling any one with kindness. It can't be done. Instead of spoiling it beautifies the character, cheers the heart and helps to raise the burden from shoulders which, though brave, sometimes grow very tired. Let not a little coldness frighten you away, for under a frigid exterior there is always to be found a tender chord which is to be touched by kindness and which responds in beautiful harmonies to those little acts of courtesy that are to the heart as sunshine is to the struggling plant.

**Strictly Practical.**

"Geology is a wonderful study," remarked the enthusiast.

"I suppose so," answered Sirius Barker, "but it always seemed kind o' unfailizin' to me to be told where coal is and how it come there instead o' being told how to get the price o' it."—Washington Star.

**Her Sacrifice.**

"Did you ever make a personal sacrifice?" asked the visiting person.

"Yes, indeed," replied Mrs. De Style. "I once declined to be interviewed by a society reporter."—Chicago News.

**Quite English.**

She—Is that an English coat you are wearing? He—Yes. How do you like it? She—To be frank with you, it is a fright. He—It wouldn't be English if it wasn't.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The way of the world is to praise dead saints and persecute living ones.—Howe.

## HOTEL

**Wages of ... Big New ...**

Employees ... $20 a month, ... their hours are ... of the large hotels. ... or maids come next on the ... with $18, room and board, and often bring ... this sum up to $25 or $30. The ... parlor sweeps and dusts and ... tidy and ready to attend the ... guests who desire her services. The chambermaids, bathroom girls, paint cleaners and scrub women, of whom every hotel employs a small army, receive $12 each. The work of the last two named is distinctly different. A scrub woman would not think of cleaning paint, and a paint cleaner would feel that she was demeaning herself by scrubbing the floor. Throughout the house the question of social distinction is argued. The maids looking down the bathroom girls, the parlor maid above the other maids and the linen room girls above the parlor maid and so on. Human nature is much the same the world over. In the parlance of hotel employees, scrub women are known as "sombreros," the chambermaids as "the chorus," while the parlor maids are called "sew girls." The "sombreros" begin their work at 1 o'clock in the morning and do not finish until about 5. They scrub the floors and go through out the house with soap and hot water. In one big New York hotel the employees are permitted to enter the help's dining hall at any time of the morning or afternoon between regular meals and have a cup of tea and a light lunch—a system which has much to do with the contentment reigning among the employees of this establishment. The cost is only a trifle, and, although the plan has been in operation for some time, those who enjoy its advantages do not abuse it.—Leslie's Weekly.

## HUMAN DISSECTION.

**Surgery and the Anatomists In the Olden Days.**

For a long time Alexandria was the only medical center of the world, and the physician Galen, born about 130 A. D., had to journey from Rome to the African city even to see a skeleton. He sent his students to the German battlefields to dissect the bodies of the national enemies, which he himself used apes as most resembling human beings. Human dissection was revived in Bologna in the fourteenth century, where Madonna Manzolina later was professor of anatomy, undoubtedly one of the first women doctors, if not the very first. Leonardo da Vinci, painter of "The Last Supper," was a great anatomist, but dissection had fallen into disuse when Vesalius finally revived it about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Even in comparatively modern times anatomists have been the object of attacks by the populace. In 1765 Dr. John Shipen of Philadelphia was mobbed as a grave robber. Doctors' riots in New York occurred twenty-three years later and were due to the belief that the medical students robbed graves continually. It was the lack of opportunity to obtain subjects regularly that led to the practice of grave robbing and originated what Dr. Keene calls "a set of the lowest possible villains—the resurrectionists."—New York World.

**Merry to the Last.**

It was the 21st of April, 1821. Dr. J. P. Frank, the eminent governor of the University hospital, Vienna, lay on his deathbed and was expected every moment to pass away. Once more the eight leading medical men of the capital gathered round his couch. All at once the patient burst out laughing.

"What is it that tickles your fancy?" his friends inquired.

"A story has just come into my mind," was the reply. "On the battlefield of Wagram lay a French soldier and counted his wounds. 'Sacre bleu!' he exclaimed. 'It takes eight bullets to kill a French grenadier. Gentlemen, there are eight of you too.' Thus he spoke and expired in a fit of laughter."

**Caffeine.**

Caffeine, the active principle of coffee, was discovered by Runge in 1820. In a pure state it takes the form of long silky needles. In ordinary coffee it is present to the extent of about 1 per cent, but dark coffee contains 1.4, and Martin makes as much as 6.4. It is said by some chemists that caffeine in its essentialities is identical with theine, the active principle of tea. Cams affirms that the inferior qualities of tea contain more caffeine than the best commercial grades.

**Among the Heathen.**

Helen, age four, was spending a night away from home. At bedtime she knelt at her hostess' knees to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. L. unable to help her out, she officiated thus: "Please, God, scuse me. I can't 'member my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know any."

**As It Was In the Beginning.**

"I wonder how graft originated?" said the suspicious man.

"Away back in the garden of Eden," answered Sam of Siwash, "man was a grafter at the outset. Adam couldn't even let Eve enjoy an apple without asking a rake-off."—Washington Star.

**Generous.**

"Some men say," remarked the beautiful heiress, "that I have no heart."

"Oh, that doesn't matter!" replied the poor but willing youth. "I'll give you mine."

What makes old age so sad is not that our joys but our hopes cease.—Richter.

Subscribe for the MINER.

**Executor's Notice.**

Whereas letters testamentary to the estate of Samuel Barnes, late of Hamlin township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to the subscriber, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the estate of said decedent will make known the same, without delay to JENNIE BARNES, Executrix.
P. O. Address, Hazelhurst, Pa.


# JANUARY
# CLEARANCE SALE,
## On TUESDAY, JAN. 2nd, 1906,

we will inaugurate our customary Half Yearly Clearance Sale.

This sale will include the entire stock of Clothing, Men's and Boys' and many articles of furnishings.

The store will not be closed.

No canvas signs will obscure the windows.

No shouter will proclaim the merits of the goods to the audience of buyers.

No Brass Band will herald the event.

Although the occasion and prices is one that merits the use of every such means to bring to your attention the one GENUINE and HONEST sale that claims your attention on two occasions each year—we will initiate this event in a quiet but, short, thorough manner.

The show on this occasion will be all on the inside—not on the bill boards—for we have prepared, and the proclamation has gone to each department to gather together all broken lines, all short ends and odd sizes and place them on sale, to be sold at a price that won't fail to interest the man, woman or boy with a dollar to spend.

Still we will see to it that you are kept informed about this sale, through the newspapers and with circulars.

And we would advise that you do not spend a cent until you have seen this stock.

We will bring to your attention lists and prices that show marked reductions upon goods that are not only worth their face value, but would claim a premium if compared in quality with the product that we may expect for the coming season.

In the face of a rapidly rising market in all woolen goods, for several seasons and a deteriation in the quality of the fabric used in the manufacture of ready-to-wear garments—this offering doubles in importance to those who desire clothing that has merit for wear and staying qualities.

Some idea of just how far we have gone in the reduction of prices will be gained by a glance at the following lists.

Cold type cannot portray the solid merits of the qualities herewith mentioned—but these simple statements in plain English will be verified when you come:

LOT 1—BOYS' SUITS—Single breasted, with vests, ages 8 to 16 years, marked $4, $5, $6 and up to $10. Now Half Price.

LOT 2—BOYS' REEFERS—Blue serge and cheviots, lined with red flannel, ages 3 to 9 years, marked $5 and $6, now $2.98

LOT 3—CHILDREN'S REEFERS—Astrakan in brown, red and tan colors, 3 to 6 years, marked $3 to $7, now $1.98

LOT 4—CHILDREN'S REEFERS—Covert and melton, 3 to 6 years, marked $5, $6, $7; now $2.48

LOT 5—BOYS' OVERCOATS—Covert cloth in light tan shades, medium length, 8 to 14 years, marked $6, $7; now $3.48

LOT 6—BOYS' OVERCOATS—Style as Lot 5, ages 14 to 19 years, marked $9 to $10; now $5.98

LOT 7—BOYS' OVERCOATS—Fine melton, 6 to 16 years, marked $8, $9, $10; now $4.98

LOT 8—BOYS' OVERCOATS—Friezes and kerseys and chinchilla, 4 to 14 years, marked $6 to $7.50; now $3.98

LOT 9—BOYS' OVERCOATS—same description as Lot 8, marked $5; now $2.98

LOT 10—YOUNG MEN'S MEDIUM LONG OVERCOATS—15 to 20 years, marked $10 and $12; now $6.98

LOT 11—CHILD'S VEST SUITS—Ages 2½ to 6 years, marked $3.50 to $6, choice $1.98

LOT 12—CHILD'S NORFOLK SUITS—Red, green, brown and mixtures, 3 to 7 years, marked $5 and $6; now $2.98

LOT 13—BUSTER BROWN AND SAILOR SUITS—1½ to 6 years, in various plain colors and fancy mixtures, marked $5, $6, $7; now $3.48

LOT 14—CHILD'S BLOUSE SUITS in light fancy mixtures, 3 to 6 years, marked $4 and $4.50; now $2.98

LOT 15—BOYS' SUITS—double breasted, two piece short pants, ages 9 to 16 years, marked $5 to $8; now $3.48

LOT 16—MEN'S SUITS, including an assortment of nearly 100 Suits in worsteds and cheviots and cassimeres, in fancy mixtures and plain colors and black, will be sold at the following scale and here is one bargain that won't be duplicated in a long time:

Marked $10 Suits, now $5.98

Marked $12 Suits, now $6.98

Marked $15 Suits, now $8.48

Marked $14 Suits, now $7.98

Marked $18 Suits, now $9.48

LOT 17—MEN'S OVERCOATS, $20 and $22, now 14.98

Men's Overcoats $18, now $12.98

Men's Overcoats $15, now $10.98

Men's Overcoats, $12, now $8.48

Men's Overcoats $10, now $6.98

LOT 18—MEN'S HATS, SOFT—brown, pearl, mid and pearl shades, marked $2.50, $3 and $3.50; now $1.29

LOT 19—MEN'S FINE UNDERWEAR—ribbed worsted, blue, brown and pink, marked $3, now $1.48

LOT 20—MEN'S WOOL UNDERWEAR—striped fine ribbed, blue and white, pink and white, lavender and white, marked $2.50; now $1.49

LOT 21—$1.00 NECKWEAR, now 50c

LOT 22—PADDED MUFFLERS—marked $2 and $1.50; now 98c

LOT 23—MEN'S STIFF SHIRTS up-to-date patterns, marked $1; now 79c

Marked $1.50; now 98c

LOT 24—MEN'S OVERCOATS—in light and medium mixtures, with and without belt, strictly up-to-date, marked $25; now $16.78

The above is only the beginning of a list that will be fully four times larger when completed—when all of the small lots are brought into sight.

Circumstances—weather conditions over which we have no control, has handicapped the sale of Winter, so now at the very beginning of colder weather we are overstocked with choicest goods this market affords.

Thus our earnest effort to reduce stock while the season is young.

There'll be rare picking for early comers—so don't delay.

# IKE SIMONS
## Big Double Clothing House
**52-54 MAIN ST. BRADFORD, PENNA.**



## Professional Cards.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
Smethport, Pa.

**Olmsted & Bouton,**
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
All legal business attended to promptly.

BYRON D. HAMLIN, JOHN FORREST
**Hamlin & Forrest.**
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa. Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellow Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. R. Mayo, notary public.

**Thomas H. Morrison,**
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a
All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

**E. R. Sherman,**
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 108 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 403.

### Physicians.

**Burg Chadwick, M.D.**
—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
Bell 'Phone.

**H. L. McCoy**
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Leinbach's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 4:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office and Residence one door East of Catholic Parsonage, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m. Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

**Dr. E. R. Baker,**
DENTIST.
Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

### HOTELS.

**CENTRAL HOTEL,**
JAMES MCGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
The hotel has been refitted, new furniture and refurnished. The table is constantly supplied with the best markets affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

**HOTEL IMPERIAL,**
Main street, Smethport, Pa.
Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

**COMMERCIAL HOUSE,**
F. L. SHERBURNE, Prop.
125 Main Street, Sagerport, Pa.
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

**BAYER HOUSE,**
CLERMONT, PENN'A.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

## Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

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ever brought to Smethport before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, "In Plain Sight"
Smethport, Pa.

**C. A. BURDICK**
Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:
The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.
Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.
Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.
**C. A. BURDICK,**
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.